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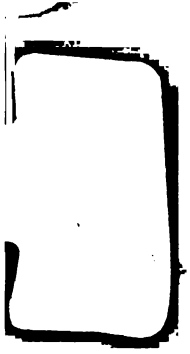

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1908

MOTOR DAYS IN ENGLAND

A RECORD OF A JOURNEY THROUGH PICTURESQUE SOUTHERN ENGLAND WITH HISTORICAL AND LITERARY OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY

BY

JOHN M. DILLON

Editor of "Marshall's Constitutional Decisions"

WITH MAP AND 64 ILLUSTRATIONS

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
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TO

MY WIFE

AND

THOSE FRIENDS WITHOUT WHOSE PLEASANT COMPANIONSHIP
THE JOURNEY HERE RECORDED WOULD HAVE LOST
MUCH OF ITS CHARM AND INTEREST, THIS
BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

ON my return from a motor trip in England not long ago, I was urged by several members of the party to write an account of our experiences. I demurred because there was really nothing of especial interest to tell; but my companions pointed out the fact that the very reason I gave for not writing it was the strongest argument for doing so, namely, that, as nothing of great moment had happened, the memory of the trip and the little incidents which occurred to make it enjoyable would, in years to come, be lost in the more earnest and pressing events of the present, making our little journey but a pleasant dream, so vague and visionary that the date was hardly remembered. This reasoning was unanswerable. For is it not the small and seemingly trivial incidents of life which occur to interest and amuse us that go to make up, as a whole, the pleasing memory? The important events are frequently those of a more serious, even sad,

nature and these stand out all too boldly and confront us with recurring persistence. As Huxley has somewhere said, "Pain and sorrow knock at our doors more loudly than pleasure and happiness; and the prints of their heavy footsteps are less easily effaced."

Time advances with inexorable and quickening pace when the sun has once passed the meridian and, ere one is conscious of it, the shadows have already grown long and, as they still lengthen, the great world that is past assumes a softer, a mellower light. Men and things and interests take on a different aspect, and try as we may we can no longer see them as once we did.

If then the time comes, as it surely will come, when encroaching years have subdued the *Wanderlust* of youth, when it is more pleasing to summon to the sessions of quiet, reminiscent thought the remembrance of things long since past, rather than to plan for the future, if this little book shall serve to recall recollections of half-forgotten scenes and places, making them vibrant with the echo of voices long since stilled, then its purpose is well served, for it will give a sweet, contented happiness beyond that of mere material success and youthful ambitions achieved.

The book is not confined, however, to the per-

sonal experiences of the trip, it has a somewhat more extended scope. The towns visited and the scenes and scenery that were passed are described. The beautiful in landscape and architecture are remarked and commented on, as well as places and buildings, sacred and profane, of historical interest. It is, in a way, a sort of literary pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of many men eminent in the world of English letters. For these reasons it has been thought that the record related here might be useful and of some interest to others and especially to those who contemplate a similar journey.

It has been thought desirable to insert certain illustrations, some of which are pencil drawings by the author, the others being from photographs taken, for the most part, by him during the trip. My gracious acknowledgment is due, however, to Messrs. Frith and Henry W. Taunt, F.R.G.S., for certain reproductions which are taken from their incomparable collection of English views.

At the end of the book will be found a list of the different stages of this journey and the route numbers indicated there refer to *The Contour Road Book of England* by Harry R. G. Inglis, published by Gall & Inglis, 25 Paternoster Square, London. I strongly advise any one intending to motor in England or Scotland not to fail to

take with him this valuable little book. It is so accurate and reliable that with a little experience the motorist can tell with certainty exactly what kind of roads he is to travel. It gives the gradients, the road surfaces, and much other useful information which tends to make the trip more comfortable, more safe, and, by doing away with many delays, more expeditious.

J. M. D.

"Overleigh," Far Hills,
New Jersey, 1908.

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MOTOR DAYS IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

London to Hampton Court

Voyage across Uneventful. The Passengers. The Routine of Life Aboard Ship. Liverpool. Its Primitive Customs. London. Preparations for the Motor Trip. Excursions to Hampton Court, Richmond, and Bushey Park. Hampton Court and Village the Haunt of Many Celebrated Men.

WHAT an unpropitious day it was to start on a journey! It was but little consolation to remember an old saying about a bad beginning doing something fine later on. One always has to wait to see whether his particular case is to prove the truth of the maxim or is to be the exception which proves it. The rain was descend-

ing in torrents, and driven by a north-east gale, was carried through the streets of the Great City, rebounding from pavement and sidewalk.

The first glimpse of the bay with a white-cap appearing here and there gave a fair intimation of the row old Neptune was raising beyond the Hook. The girls began to feel seasick as soon as they saw the water and it was an even money wager that any of them would be on their feet at the Narrows.

At last we started. The warning whistle sounded, the final farewells were given, some tears were shed, handkerchiefs waved frantically, the gang-plank was hauled in, and we were away. The great pulsations of the powerful engines begin and we move slowly and majestically into midstream and head toward the grey, misty bay. The grotesque skyline of the city looks like a phantom creation conceived in some abnormal mind, as it gradually merges into mist and is finally lost to view amidst the fog and rain.

The trip across the water was uneventful, monotonously so. The passengers were the usual run of transatlantic voyagers. There was the man who was always to be found in the smoking-room and who foretold the politics of the United States with certainty and precision.

Fortunately this person remained stationary and could be avoided by smoking on deck. There was also the musically inclined individual endeavouring to gather others with the same taste in order to inflict a concert upon the passengers. Again there was the devotee of Hygeia who took constitutionals from early morning until late at night. Storms, fog, in fact, nothing seemed to interrupt these peripatetic outbursts until it seemed as if he had the curse of Ahasuerus upon him. This walking mania was occasionally halted momentarily by the athletic young gentleman who persisted for many hours each day in trying to throw a ring, made of rope, over an upright stick. During these interruptions the walking enthusiast glared at the athletic enthusiast, which compliment the latter returned. Neither could understand how the other could enjoy his particular diversion, and I thoroughly agreed with both.

I don't care for this modern idea of summoning the passengers to eat by means of a shrill bugle. It 's all very well during smooth, pleasant weather, but when it is stormy and rough and one is not at all a good sailor, that bugle note has anything but a pleasant sound. In this particular case the instrument was handled by a very ener-

getic young Englishman who bounced from the companionway at the stroke of the hour, and after having looked smilingly about proceeded to "pipe to mess."

On the very stormy days when the ladies (and some of the men) were lined and rolled up like a lot of Egyptian mummies the bugler appeared to be more prompt and energetic than ever and the very metal of the horn seemed about to burst with the young fellow's efforts. At the first note a row of appealing eyes were turned toward the unwelcome sound and then the animated bundles once more became rigid. This bugle innovation also gives the old transatlantic voyager a chance to show his superiority. On the very rough days he jumps from his chair at the first sound of the summons as if famished, and, as he walks along, bestows a half pitying, half contemptuous look at the passengers with no appetites.

The sea behaved fairly well, for we had but one day which the veterans admitted was rough; but the other elements, without exception, were abominable. It was misty, rainy, and foggy and every one was glad to land.

We docked on the evening of the eighth day, all the party quite hungry, because of

the limited dietary which the rough sea had prescribed. George said he knew a splendid place to get a bite to eat. So we went there but found it had closed at nine o'clock, in fact, we were informed that all restaurants in Liverpool close at that hour. *O tempora! O mores!* We stayed over night and left for London next day.

London was at her best when we arrived. The season had opened and the weather was fine,—for London. We saw the sun every two or three days for a few minutes. I remember how Lucy laughed one morning when she saw a notice in a conspicuous place in one of the leading London newspapers stating that the sun had shone the day before from three twenty-seven to three forty-eight.

We thought we had an immense amount of work to do to get ready for the trip. Lucy said she did n't know which way to turn or where to begin; but *I* knew that she would find her bearings very soon. She enumerated enough things "absolutely necessary" for our comfort to fill several motors, and I began to think we would have to run an automobile train. She and I sat down one evening with her "absolutely necessary" list and I tried to cut out some of the things. After an hour's discussion, I convinced her that two

articles could be omitted, but in the meantime she had thought of three things which she "could n't imagine how she had overlooked." So when the session was over the list was plus one. I recall also that a full meeting was held after dinner one night to discuss the purchase of luncheon baskets. All kinds of illustrated catalogues were spread on the tables. One of the girls said that the matter ought to be planned on a scientific basis,—something like this: How many cubic inches would one, full grown, healthy, hungry person need for food per day? Multiply this by the number of persons and allow just double the amount for Milton as a solution for the problem. We then took up the matter of receptacles for solids and fluids. Some of us preferred liquid nourishment to solids and some the reverse. We were soon in a serious entanglement, until Chan. very wisely remarked that the manufacturers made up baskets for stated numbers of people with normal appetites and would it not be better to let them do the scientific part of it? So we bought two baskets about the size of steamer trunks, holding enough food to have been of considerable service on the retreat from Moscow. We had heavy padlocks put on them, and, as an example of how "absolutely necessary"

these baskets were, the keys were mislaid two days out from London and were not missed until we had finished our journey. Well, we had a good time in London anyway, even if we did buy a lot of "necessary articles" which now repose tranquilly in the attic.

George took us to dine one evening at "Claridge's." We had an excellent dinner and were about finished when Maud, who is supposed to be near-sighted, spied some very small baskets of strawberries on a near-by table. These were done up in most attractive form, with green leaves and scarlet ribbons. Maud was delighted with her discovery and called for some at once. Each charming little basket contained seven large, luscious berries and we each had a basket, making a total of twenty-eight berries, for which George paid a grand total of twenty-eight shillings.

> So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,
> The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.

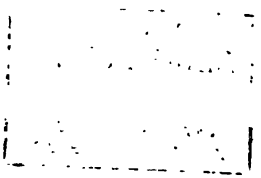
This was George's *quart d'heure de Rabelais*, but really he has great control, for beyond a slight compression of the lips he might have been the Sphinx. I told Maud that when my turn came to "stand" dinner I was going to put blinders on her, but George said that would n't

do any good, as his wife's nose was as keen as her eyes and she could scent expensive things. He went on to say I had better let well enough alone, and not cover her eyes, as by doing so her other senses would be sharper, and she might "come to point" on a canvasback which would cost about five pounds for the party.

Most of our time was occupied in running back and forth from the luncheon-basket makers and the mackintosh shops, though one day we did take time to visit Westminster Abbey. Ethel was absolutely without curiosity on the question of sightseeing, and I suggested that she ought at least see the principal objects of interest, such as St. Paul's, the Tower, and the Houses of Parliament, but she said that, as she had read them up quite thoroughly in Baedeker and had seen good photos of them, this was unnecessary. As I stood in *loco parentis* toward her, however, I felt it would be more or less my fault if she saw nothing of these places (the rest of the party having seen them many times before) and I finally persuaded her to go with Chan.

Our arrangements for the motor trip not being completed and the cars not quite ready, George chartered a coach and we went to Hampton Court by way of Richmond and Bushey Park.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES NEAR HAMPTON VILLAGE



We recalled with interest these historic places and their associations. The park at Richmond was not recognised as a park until the time of Charles I. The town and the park are close together. Richmond was originally called "Sheen"; which I believe is an old German word meaning beautiful, but the name was changed to its present form by Henry VII. The palace dates back as a residence to the reign of Henry I. Queen Anne, the wife of Richard II., died at Richmond and the King then took such a dislike to the palace that he caused the buildings to be taken down. About a generation later Henry V. restored it. It burned to the ground during the reign of Henry VII. (about 1497) and was rebuilt by that able and wise monarch on a much larger scale.

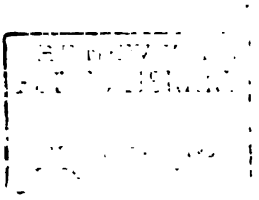
The crowning glory of Bushey Park is its avenue of horse-chestnuts. In the spring when the trees are in full blossom thousands of persons make the journey from London to view the avenue at its best. It was planted by William III., and is eighteen hundred yards long and over fifty yards wide.

Hampton Court is one of the finest palaces in England; it was built by Wolsey. It was at Hampton Court that the Cardinal, in 1528, enter-

tained the French ambassadors. The silver plate displayed at that time was remarkable. Two illuminated cupboards extending across the banquet chambers were piled to the top with plate; yet without encroaching on these ostentatious repositories, elaborate service remained for the table. Two hundred and eighty beds were provided for the guests; every chamber had a basin and ewer of silver. Before the palace was finished the Cardinal became alarmed at the probable jealousy which its magnificence might excite in the King, so he gave it to Henry VIII. and received Richmond in exchange. Hampton, therefore, became a royal residence and was occupied at times by each succeeding sovereign until the time of George III. Edward VI. was born, and Catherine Parr was married there. It was in this palace that Charles I. was kept a prisoner for several months. Christopher Wren added some apartments to the palace. George III. preferred Windsor to Hampton Court, and it was divided under his reign into suites of apartments. It is a rather interesting fact that Dr. Johnson applied in April, 1776, for one of these suites and was refused.

At Tagg's Hotel where we took luncheon every sort of pleasure craft may be hired. It is a favourite

THE AVENUE OF HORSECHESTNUTS AT BUSHEY PARK



place for Londoners to make an excursion in the summer months. Garrick lived near Tagg's Hotel. He purchased a house there in 1754 and retained it until his death in 1779. His widow remained there for many years after his death. Garrick's marriage in 1749 to Eva Maria Violetti (a young Austrian dancer) led to an estrangement between him and Peg Woffington, who was generally looked upon as the future Mrs. Garrick. The actor was visited there by many great men, among others Horace Walpole and Dr. Johnson. Richard Steele had a house at Hampton village. It is said that Addison loaned Steele a thousand pounds to build this house and on the latter's inability to return the loan the house and furniture were sold by Addison's order. The balance above the loan was returned to Steele by Addison with a letter stating that it was done to arouse him from his lethargy.

The loan by Addison to Steele and the execution to recover it is somewhat doubtful. I am happy to say that the story of this ungenerous action by Addison towards his old friend and college companion is based upon unreliable sources.

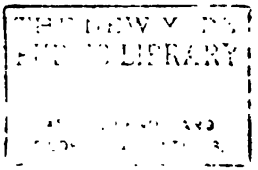
CHAPTER II

London to Maidenhead

Departure from London. Disagreeable Adventure on Knightsbridge Road. Fowler the English Chauffeur's Sense of Humour. Maidenhead. Its Uneviable Reputation in Olden Times. Charles I. there. Skindle's Hotel. Its Charming Location. Slough. The Birthplace of William Herschel. Stoke Poges. Gray's Elegy. Gray Buried in the Churchyard. Trip by Launch to Windsor. Horace Walpole's Love for the Thames. Delightful Residences along the River. Staines. Laleham. Thomas Arnold Lived there. Datchet. William Herschel's Home. Windsor Castle. Eton College. Oakleigh Court a Beautiful Residence. Bray and its Turn-Coat Vicar. Gray's Verses on Eton College.

IT was on a Sunday morning early in May that we left the Cecil Hotel fairly off on the trip. The weather was fine and all the party in good spirits. Quite a crowd gathered in the court of the hotel to see us depart. We had some little confusion at first owing to our lack of experience in getting the luggage on top of the motor. The day was beautiful and everything seemed promising.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE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We were heading for Maidenhead, going over the Knightsbridge Road, when a man on a bicycle fell directly in front of the Daimler car, cutting his head badly and lying stunned in the road. A crowd of a hundred or a hundred and fifty people gathered in as many seconds, thinking that our car had run the man down. There was considerable excitement, and a few of the men in the crowd behaved ugly, one of them stating that we had run over the man and then tried to escape. At this assertion my nephew Chan. took exception, and wanted to fight the whole crowd. The injured man was lifted into the car and taken to a near-by surgeon. We, in the meantime, sat on the roadside for about an hour and a half. Finally the car came back and the chauffeur said everything had been arranged and he had explained to the authorities that he was not responsible in any way for the man's accident, as the car had not touched him.

We then proceeded on our way. All went well until we arrived at a little village called Coombs, where in a narrow street the Daimler car stopped and refused to go until it had been copiously fed with water. I alighted thinking that I would get on pleasant terms with the English chauffeur by what I thought was a joke. I admit the joke

was poor, but it scarcely deserved the throw-down it received. I said, "The motor-car must have been very 'full' last night to be so thirsty at this early hour in the morning."

The Englishman stopped his pouring process, straightened up, and looking me seriously in the eye, without a scintilla of mirth, said, "No sir, not last night, the tank was quite replenished this morning." I went back to my own car at once feeling that I had made but little progress toward friendly relations. We made a detour and went unintentionally to Windsor for the chauffeur missed his route; and here let me say that a motor driver never by any chance knows his way. We were on the wrong road about half the time during this short trip and I mentally decided to learn the routes myself before each run. I received a fearful amount of "guying" from everybody all through the trip for studying guides and road maps, but I kept on the right road.

Our route from London to Maidenhead passed through Slough where Sir William Herschel died in 1822 and where his equally famous son was born in 1792. Stoke Poges, with its little church and churchyard immortalised by Gray, lies but two miles north of Slough. Gray is

STOKE POGES CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD

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VIEW OF THE THAMES FROM SKINDLE'S HOTEL

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buried in the churchyard where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

We reached Maidenhead early in the afternoon somewhat late on account of our involuntary detour to Windsor. At Skindle's Hotel we found good accommodations and an excellent cuisine. The journey from London when once fairly out of the city's traffic is enjoyable. The scenery is charming and the houses, along the route, quaint and attractive.

In former years Maidenhead had no savoury reputation and highwaymen of the Duval and Turpin type abounded in and about its environs. It is a matter of history that as far back as Elizabeth a certain vicar of Huxley whose duties took him frequently to the neighbourhood of Maidenhead was given an additional salary as a recompense for being obliged to sojourn in so unsatisfactory a locality. It is interesting and pathetic to remember that Charles I., after some years of separation, met his children in Maidenhead at the Greyhound Inn in 1647.

Skindle's Hotel is an ideal place at which to stay. The sleeping-rooms face upon the beautiful river, which presents a lively scene, with the numerous pleasure craft passing to and fro. The lawn slopes to the very bank and the guests enjoy

their meals, in pleasant weather, in the open, shady grounds.

After having lunched at Skindle's, we hired a launch and went down the river. The day was perfect and we certainly enjoyed it, for we had had a week of London fog, and the sun was more appreciated and the country more charming on this account. It was as Walpole once expressed it, when he returned to the Thames: "I feel myself here like a swan, that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames. I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silent waves. . . . We are absurd creatures; at twenty, I loved nothing but London."

The river is lined on the right bank, going toward Windsor, with summer residences. They are so prettily located and charmingly laid out that we were all delighted. Just beyond Windsor we passed the town of Staines, but it is unattractive and the bridge across the river at this point is positively ugly. Not far from Staines is Laleham where Thomas Arnold settled in 1819. He there took a small number of young men as pupils preparing for college. The following year he married and in 1822 his eldest son Matthew was born.

THE LAWN AT SKINDLE'S HOTEL, NEAR MAIDENHEAD

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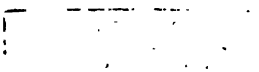
ETON COLLEGE



Datchet is a picturesque little village lying by the great park at Windsor. William Herschel lived there between the years 1782 and 1785. The meadow, by the river, is celebrated as being the scene of Falstaff's discomfiture in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Eton near-by has no station of its own. The upper school was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and the Chapel founded in 1441. The town of Windsor is entirely dominated by the castle and all interest centres there. It is supposed that it was founded by William the Conqueror. The Round Tower was built by Edward III.; the chapel by Edward IV. Charles II. considerably altered the castle and George IV. did much for it by altering it from a kind of medieval fortress to a royal residence. After leaving Eton, coming back we passed Monkey Island. There is nothing of interest about Monkey Island, it is simply a resort for anglers, although charmingly situated.

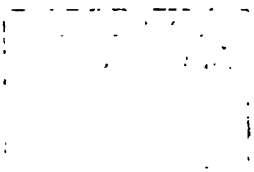
One of the finest private residences on this part of the river is Oakleigh Court. The grounds are elegant and contain many beautiful specimen trees. My brother-in-law informs me that this place could have been purchased when he was at Oxford for some £13,000, but the boatman told us that it now rents for 125 guineas per week.

We passed Bray, noted as the residence of the turn-coat vicar who lived there, and who loved his vicarage so much that he suited his opinions to the party in power. The almshouses are also interesting. The trip on the river had for me one very impressive sight and that was the view in the distance of the misty towers of Windsor Castle and Eton College:

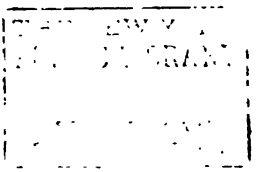
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the watery glade;
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's[1] holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His silver-winding way!

[1] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the college

WINDSOR CASTLE



VIEW OF MONKEY ISLAND FROM THE TOWING-PATH



CHAPTER III

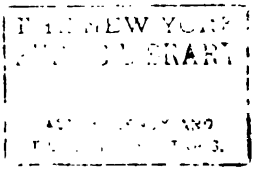
Maidenhead to Henley

Journey in Launch from Maidenhead to Henley. The River Most Beautiful. Superb Foliage Effects. Boulter's Lock. Its Gay Appearance. Cliveden. A Bit of its History. Cookham. Bourne End. Great Marlow. Shelley there in 1816. Bisham Abbey. *Laon and Cythna* Associated with Bisham. Hurley. "Lady Place." Macaulay's Description of it. Temple Mill. Medmenham Abbey. Its Ancient Origin. Monks of St. Francis. Greenlands. Hambledon. The Henley Reach. Remenham—Early Home of Lord Palmerston.

WE sent on our motors to meet us at Henley and took an electric launch the next morning. Mine robber host put up a very good luncheon for us to the tune of six pounds and we started for Henley. The river from Windsor to Maidenhead is certainly lovely, but at Maidenhead it seems to me it becomes far more beautiful. I do not mean that the river itself is finer, but the surroundings are more quaint and the banks beautifully wooded. A mile or so from Maidenhead is Boulter's Lock. This is the deepest lock

on the Thames. On Sundays in the season Boulter's is indeed a gay and lively place. Women in the smartest of costumes and men in outing flannels flock by hundreds to this lock, and every sort of river craft is represented. Just above Boulter's the Cliveden woods rise gorgeously. I never saw such a variety of foliage, both in texture and colour. It looked as though each tree had been planted to achieve a certain result, creating, as we moved slowly along, a grand kaleidoscope, ever changing and infinite in variety, falling into new and unexpected forms of symmetry and exquisite colour. Here all kinds of forest trees are seen in the fulness of their vigour. Oaks, elms, and beeches intermingle. The soft green of their leaves is enhanced by an occasional and gigantic evergreen whose dark mass of foliage tends to throw its neighbours into relief. Now and then a great pyramidal Lombardy rears its head far above the others, making an exclamation mark which breaks the skyline in a charming way. The wild clematis stretches from bough to bough in graceful festoons binding the trees together in a caressing chain. Fringing the water's edge in May, "the laburnums shake the golden rain of their flowers, the lilacs tremble beneath the weight of their branches laden with violet bunches,"

THE ESTATE OF OAKLEIGH COURT NEAR BRAY



BOULTER'S LOCK, NEAR MAIDENHEAD, THE DEEPEST LOCK ON THE THAMES

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producing an unrivalled effect. I should like to see these woods in their autumn garb; they must be superb if the foliage colours as it does in America. Right here is a beautiful stretch of the Thames. Taplow Court belongs to Mr. Grenfell. Cliveden is owned by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who purchased the estate from the Duke of Westminster in 1891. The house is of the Italian style, and viewed from the river is not especially imposing. The Duke of Buckingham, Charles's favourite "Steenie," erected the first mansion and presented it to that very naughty lady known as the Countess of Shrewsbury. It has, however, been twice burned since then. The present structure dates from 1850, built from designs by Sir Charles Barry.

At Cliveden the vivid picture which Pope drew came to my mind:

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love:
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring

Of mimick statesmen, and their merry King.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.

Just beyond Cliveden is Hedsor with the "Lodge," the seat of Lord Boston. Near-by is Cookham with a picturesque church.

Bourne End, the next in line, is a somewhat straggling village, and the river here is a broad flat reach, not interesting. A little farther on lies Quarry Woods. They belong to Mr. Vansittart Neale of Bisham Abbey, and rival Cliveden in beauty. Great Marlow is a very pretty village; the main street is a continuation of the bridge. Shelley's cottage, not far away, was taken by him in September, 1816, in order that he might be near his friend Thomas Love Peacock. While the cottage was being put in order to receive his wife Harriet Westbrook and their two children, Shelley remained in Bath and it was there that he received word of Harriet's suicide. The great day of the year at Marlow is in August, when the annual regatta is held.

The next point of interest is Bisham Abbey. This is not shown to travellers. In the summer of 1817 Shelley, having married Mary Wollstone-

CLIVEDEN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

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A RESIDENCE ON THE THAMES NEAR COOKHAM

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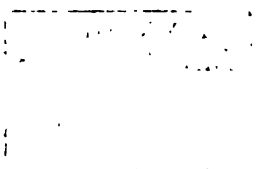
craft Godwin in December, 1816, moved into the Marlow cottage, and his poem *Laon and Cythna* was partly written in his boat, as it floated under the beech-groves at Bisham. Godwin visited Shelley frequently and the former's diary is replete with notices of this neighbourhood. As nearly as I can make out Godwin visited as many people as he could and as often as they would let him. From the river the abbey looks like a charming old house, vineclad and set in beautiful lawns. The history is curious and somewhat mystical yet well worth reading.

Next appears the Temple Mill, so named on account of having been in the possession at one time of the Knights Templars. The river traveller is not permitted to land at Hurley a little farther on. The ruins of "Lady Place" are there. The Lovelace family were the illustrious owners of "Lady Place" in the seventeenth century. John, fourth Baron Lovelace of Hurley, was Governor of New York and New Jersey in 1709 and died at New York in that year. His cousin John, third Baron Lovelace of Hurley, played an important part in the exciting times during the reign of James II. "Lady Place" is so beautifully described by the elegant pen of Macaulay that I quote it:

His mansion, built by his ancestors out of the spoils of Spanish galleons from the Indies, rose on the ruins of a house of Our Lady in that beautiful valley through which the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and falling with the flow and ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire.

Beyond Hurley is "Danesfield," which is a most elaborate and costly mansion and belongs to a Mr. R. Hudson. Medmenham Abbey is near-by. This abbey was bestowed by its lord, Walter de Bolebec, on the abbey of Cistercian monks at Woburn. About the year 1204 the monks moved a portion of their society there from which arose a small monastery. In the early part of the sixteenth century it was annexed to Bisham. At the Dissolution the abbey had fallen into considerable decay, but it was restored later. There is but little of the original structure existing although certain relics of considerable antiquity may now be seen. The abbey is owned by the Scots of "Danesfield." About the middle of the eighteenth century this place became notorious as the scene of scandalous orgies of an association known as the Monks of St. Francis, which was composed of certain wits and men of fashion who assumed this name and who wore the habit of

QUARRY WOODS HOUSE



VIEW OF THE RIVER AT GREAT MARLOW

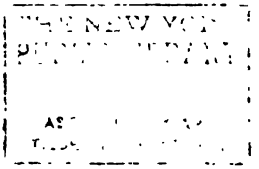
CHAPTER IV

Henley to Reading

Serious Accident to Car. Delay in Arranging for Repairs. St. Mary's Church—Widow of Sir Godfrey Kneller buried there. The Red Lion Inn. Famous Persons who have Visited there. Shenstone and his Verses on the Window Pane. Villages of Wargrave, Sonning, and Shiplake. A Visit to our Friends in Reading. A Grand Old English Gentleman.

IMAGINE our dismay on disembarking from the launch at Henley to find Fowler, our English chauffeur, waiting on the dock with the unpleasant information that our own car was wrecked with a broken axle about five miles out of Henley, and that the English car was also damaged by running into it. It was then during the excitement that Lucy insisted on gathering up all the packages, suit-cases, coverings, in fact everything that belonged to everybody, some twenty-odd in number, and was proceeding to take them all off the launch. When George discovered her he said "she looked like a human express waggon."

SHELLEY'S COTTAGE AT GREAT MARLOW



OLD BISHAM ABBEY FROM THE RIVER THAMES

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We were all discouraged, and automobile stock was low that evening. I telegraphed to Reading at once where I had rooms engaged, and took accommodations at the Red Lion Inn at Henley. A man was finally found who said he could, for a consideration, get the damaged car in. He sent out a small iron truck on four wheels, and after eight hours' hard work the car was finally landed safely in Henley at midnight. We telegraphed to London for an expert machinist, who arrived promptly but knew nothing, and charged three pounds for his ignorance. At last I discovered a man who had been for years in the locomotive works at Cleveland, Ohio, which, by a curious coincidence, is the very town where our car was made. He said that he could fit an axle in five days. I gave him the job, and I have always been glad that I did, for he certainly was an excellent mechanic.

Henley is a rather pretty town. The church (St. Mary's) is just by the Red Lion Inn. The widow of Sir Godfrey Kneller is buried here, as is also Lady Elizabeth Perriam, sister of Lord Bacon.

The Red Lion Inn is probably the most historic tavern on the river. Charles I. stayed here in 1632, on his way from London to Oxford, and some twenty years ago, while the inn was under-

going repairs, the royal coat of arms was found in the wall. This, they claim, was probably painted during the King's sojourn. It is carefully preserved and may be seen at the inn now. Old John Churchill kept a furnished room at this hotel, as he generally broke the journey there when going to and from "Blenheim" to London, and his bed is still preserved. Lucy was sure she slept in it. At any rate the bed was far from the present idea of comfort.

Shenstone wrote a verse on the window pane which concludes as follows:

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Whate'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an Inn.

Upon asking the landlord to show me the window, he said that a waiter had some years previously, against the rules, attempted to clean it and broken the glass. However, we were able to see a photograph of the window pane bearing this verse, which the proprietor had the precaution to have taken, as a safeguard against the misfortune which eventually happened.

In 1814 General Blucher addressed the people from a window of this inn after his victories at Laon and Montmartre, and Fanny Burney refers

OLD COTTAGES AT BISHAM

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MEDMENHAM ABBEY

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to the hotel in her diary as being beautifully situated. Exteriorly the hotel is most attractive. It is of brick and entirely covered with purple wistaria which was in flower when we were there. One has to pay well for the privilege of enjoying this historic inn—a sort of Charon toll demanded by the spirits of those eminent personages who formerly honoured its portals. It is somewhat like that famous hostelry called the Pelican concerning which a certain wag wrote the following:

> The famous inn in Speenhamland
> That stands below the hill,
> May well be called the Pelican
> From its enormous bill.

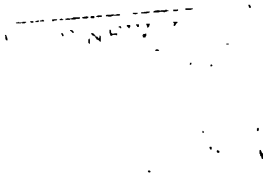
Our trip by water ended at Henley, though in our drive to Reading we saw glimpses of the river with a few of the villages, such as Wargrave, Sonning, and Shiplake. Thomas Day, author of *Sandford and Merton*, lies buried in the church of St. Mary's at Wargrave. Shiplake is a straggling village though very quaint and picturesque in places. Sonning has no station of its own, the nearest being Twyford, some two miles away. Sydney Smith lived in Sonning in 1807.

The next morning proved to be sunny and delightfully warm. George and Maud went to

luncheon with friends at Reading and the rest of us followed in the afternoon. We left at two and arrived there about three o'clock. We found all our friends awaiting our arrival. We fell in love with the old gentleman who was suffering from a fatal disease, but whose indomitable will and courage kept him alive. He was indeed a grand old man. I had heard often of his fine character, and the moment I laid my eyes on him, I knew that every word of it was true. This kindly spirit has since gone to its rest where pain exists not, but there is a vacancy left which will never be filled. His face was a benediction in itself. His kindly, generous nature was seen in each glance of the eye, was depicted in every changing expression of his countenance. I never think of this fine English gentleman, but I mentally compare him to a great, sturdy eucalyptus tree which dispels all that is noxious and evil near-by and exhales healthful and pure qualities which invigorate and purify those fortunate enough to come within its benign influence. It is a privilege to meet such a man and I have felt the better for it. More, perhaps, than any man whom I have known did he fulfil that counsel of Marcus Aurelius: "Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but

THE REGATTA AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES

THE RED LION INN AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES



it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it."

As we were leaving, the old gentleman came with us to the door and thanked us for our visit, saying that he did n't expect another such happy day as we had given him. At this Lucy all but gave way, and I too had a lump in my throat which I had difficulty in keeping down.

We returned to Henley about six o'clock. I was surprised to find the roads extremely dusty, which is unusual in England; at least, that was our only experience. Having made final arrangements for the repairing of our car, which was to take at least five days, we decided to go to Oxford by rail. The English car was to be ready sooner, only the front wheel being damaged, and was to follow us there shortly. This was the only accident of any sort which we had on the entire trip, and as all the party was aboard the launch when the accident happened, I have never been able to find out just what caused the trouble, but I have no doubt whatever that it was due to the chauffeur's carelessness.

CHAPTER V

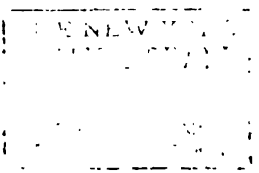
Henley to Oxford

Strange Conveyance to Carry us to the Station. My Remarks about its Appearance not Favourably Received. The Eating at the Red Lion. The English Inns in General are Good. George Computes the Cost of Motoring. His Remarkably Retentive Memory.

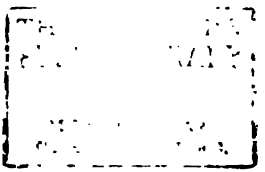
WE left the Red Lion Inn and a good deal of our money at 9.30 A.M.

A most curious 'bus came to rattle us to the station—a relic of Churchill too, it looked. I made some jesting remark quite innocently about its appearance, but Lucy mildly said that she did not think it was "up to me" to make fun of any vehicle that would keep going. I subsided. I bobbed up serenely at the depot again and in conversation asked Chan. how he would like to tour through England in the conveyance that brought us to the station, to which he sweetly remarked that for reliability it had the motor "beaten to death."

A VIEW OF SHIPLAKE SHOWING THE CHURCH



THE THAMES AT WARGRAVE



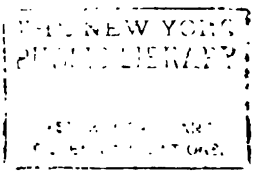
Let us not dwell upon the food, or the lack of food, at the Red Lion Inn. We lived as Barmecides there. I shall stray a moment while on the subject to say that our experiences with English inns were, on the whole, most satisfactory. With one, or possibly two, exceptions we found them neat and clean, with a pleasant host and always polite attendants. The food was plain but generally good and wholesome. It is not a journey that Savarin would have enjoyed, but usually the food was palatable. One thing we noticed was that at the smaller and out-of-the-way places, remote from the routes frequently travelled by tourists, and where none but English people visited, the food was more plentiful, altogether better, and decidedly less expensive, showing conclusively that the landlords were uneducated.

We tried to be broad-minded and just in our observations. It would not do to go to either extreme. Travel should be an education and broadener; if beneficial results from the journey are to be had of course the good and bad must be justly balanced. There are persons who are so utterly wrapped up in their own country that they can see nothing good elsewhere, and this is carried to the verge of Chauvinism, and on the other hand there are many who think that any-

thing is better than their own, like the simple people whom Plutarch describes as believing the moon of Athens was finer than the one at Corinth.

We had to change cars at Twyford, where the train for Oxford picked us up. On the train I saw George get out his pencil and paper and sit for some time making innumerable figures. I supposed he was computing board bills, but finally he asked me if I hadn't once stated that motoring was cheaper than railroading. I knew what was coming and would have said "no" but for the fact that I had made the remark only the week before, so I answered in the affirmative. He said, "I have just been figuring out how economically one can travel by motor and find that up to date, including repairs, transportation, chauffeur's salary, etc., you have been motoring at a cost of $14.80 per mile." I retorted that we were on the train then, and had given up motoring temporarily, consequently we were saving money every minute, therefore every one ought to be happier than his appearance indicated. George is a great fellow for method; loves to figure things out exactly. That infernal little pencil is always along, peeping over the edge of his pocket as a warning and a reminder that the day of reckoning

SONNING LOCK


THE NEW YORK

is at hand—a veritable *vade mecum.* Then again George is peculiarly exasperating, because he has a remarkably retentive memory. It reminds one of what Dr. Burney once said about his daughter Fanny: "She has a birdlime memory, everything that lights there sticks." My friend can without effort recall little remarks of ten years past, things that most people could n't remember ten minutes. He tabulates them in his mind and then with the help of his little pencil, always in working order, he puts them down in black and white and the record is complete. He does not at all mind how much things are costing him and never did, but he keeps a record of my extravagances with great accuracy, and sleepless vigilance.

We reached Oxford about eleven o'clock, having had, on the whole, a comfortable and pleasant trip, the weather continuing fine.

CHAPTER VI

Excursion to Woodstock and Blenheim

The Beautiful Spring Days in England. No Motors Allowed in Blenheim—Amusing Guide. Blenheim rather Disappointing. The Park. "Capability" Brown. His Work at Blenheim. Comments on his School of Landscape Gardening. Woodstock of no Great Interest. Chaucer Lived there. Elizabeth Imprisoned in the Gate House.

THE weather was exceptionally fine and it was decided to take advantage of the day and make our visit to Blenheim. When the spring days do break clear and bright in England they have a delicious quality and charm essentially their own. A soft breeze wafts the sweetest of odours and the green pastures possess a freshness that I have not seen elsewhere. Such a wealth of wild flowers too, bejewel the byways, and the hedgerows are fairly alive with songsters that pour forth their stories with such ardour that it would seem they cannot utter the notes fast enough to measure their exultation. What a wonderful

mellowness there is in the air; a bracing and exhilarating effect it has, and yet it brings with it a gentle serenity which gradually steals upon one and recalls to my mind the earliest period that my memory serves. The retrospection leads to a time when care and sorrow existed not, to a time when I was conscious only of revelling in the bright sunshine and breathing great inspirations from the sweet, pure air. The morrow had, in my childish mind, no worries or troubles, indeed I gave no thought to the future. Such pleasures were ephemeral but years of happiness were crowded in those hours. Was it not Coleridge who, in after years, could close his eyes, during a sunny day in summer, and hear again the music of the Otter as it flowed near his first home, and see once more the familiar and cherished scenes of his birthplace?

The distance is but short from Oxford to Woodstock. On arriving there we found that motor cars were not admitted in the estate as the Duke disliked the odour. There was no demur, as motors are a nuisance. We waited at the "Bear" until an antiquated looking landau was unearthed for us. It was a comical looking thing but, remembering my experience at Henley, I did not say anything about it. There were eight of us to get

aboard, and we finally arranged ourselves sardine fashion with George on the box with the driver. We were about moving off when a middle-aged individual all dressed in sombre black put in an appearance and said his duty was to show visitors the estate. Now the only sober thing about that gentleman was the colour of his clothes. He turned some three paces off and presently heaved out one of those aspirated words, which the lower class in England is so fond of creating, and we all wondered why the Duke, who disliked motors, had that man on the place. Chan. expressed it very laconically but forcibly by saying that for odours that fellow had the motor "backed off the map." However, he toiled up and took a seat between George and the driver. George's very back had an expression of disgust. We went on through the grounds and every time our cicerone would turn to explain any particular beauty or exquisite view, it was funny to see George "list to port" to escape the tide. On returning to Woodstock George reeled off the box and declared he was intoxicated with the beauty of the place.

There can be no doubt that Blenheim is disappointing. The palace itself is not architecturally attractive, and Vanbrugh, who designed it, did

A VIEW OF BLENHEIM FROM THE RIVER GLYME
(From an old Print)

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

not leave a beautiful monument to himself, although I must say there is a certain nobility about the palace which is impressive. A satirical epitaph was written of him:

Lie heavy on him earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The palace itself cost in the neighbourhood of three millions of dollars, and a lawsuit which grew to Pantagruelian proportions.

The park covers twenty-seven hundred acres and the trees, especially the beeches and oaks, are truly majestic. Topographically, the park is beautiful, but "Capability" Brown got in there and left his artificial mark. Everything is smoothed out and tiresome. The Glyme, naturally a lovely little stream, has had its banks scraped and all the angles taken away, so that it flows sluggishly with scarcely a ripple on its smooth surface. To thus torture a river by smoothing its banks, widening it, and cutting away the natural fringe of trees and undergrowth which borders its banks puts one in mind of the barbarous treatment of Regulus by the Carthaginians:

His eyelids they pared:
Good God, how he stared.

Brown was not satisfied to remain near the house, but he went out into the park and cut the trees in

clumps, so that they look like a lot of chessmen on a board. Heavens! but that fellow did a deal of harm. The nature of his work was such that it is not easily remedied. He has been dead more than a century and yet his monotonous style is all over England, marring some of its most beautiful and precious spots, though Time's softening influence has somewhat mellowed the effect. "He has left sad marks of his destructive sway." I believe it was at Blenheim that the foolish man looked on his completed work of the river and said:

Thames! Thames! Thou wilt never forgive me.

Lancelot ("Capability") Brown was a kitchen gardener in the employ of Lord Cobham at "Stowe" and upon the latter's recommendation he was appointed royal gardener at Hampton Court by George II. His idea of landscape work was a smoothing process. He rounded everything and laid bare everything. The banks of streams were levelled, clumps of trees were placed on enormous stretches of lawn, avenues of trees destroyed to give place to open lawn or rounded masses of trees which he circumscribed as with a compass. Brown treated all places alike, and there was a monotony of scheme as inevitable as

the insipidity of result. A story is told of Brown which shows the sameness of his style. A person well known for his taste and abilities, being at a gentleman's house where Brown was expected, drew a plan, by anticipation; which proved so exact that the ridicule it threw on the serious plan helped to prevent its execution. Sir Uvedale Price tells another anecdote to show Brown's mania for improving every place; it is this:

He, Brown, was vapouring one day, as Mr Owen Cambridge himself told me, about the change he (Brown) had made on the face of the country and his hope of seeing his plans much more generally extended before he died. Mr. Cambridge with great gravity said: "Mr. Brown, I very earnestly wish that I may die before you." "Why so?" said Brown, with great surprise. "Because" said he, "I should like to see heaven before you had improved it."

For nearly forty years Brown ruled the art of gardening in England. He amassed a fortune and had many partizans. Brown's style without doubt had its merits, but he carried his ideas too far. To demolish the "clipped peacocks" and "green chests set on poles" was certainly an improvement, but to destroy avenues of majestic oaks or stately beeches approached vandalism. To divert a stream and carry it in meandering

curves through an expanse of lawn was certainly better than to cut a straight canal, as in the Dutch school; but to smooth the banks with mathematical precision, to grow smooth lawns to the very edge, and to dot a circular clump of trees here and there produced an effect as monotonous as it was artificial.

The soothing and tranquil influence exerted upon one during a ramble in the woods—I mean woods in their natural state—is well known. All irritability vanishes, a peacefulness creeps upon one. The gentle rustling of the foliage as it is stirred by the breeze, the soft murmuring of the brook, as it flows over its pebbly bed, the delicious exhalations of myriads of wild flowers, produce a pleasurable lassitude that can but be likened to a tired traveller, who, having lain down, falls into that delightful semi-conscious state that precedes a healthful, refreshing sleep. None of these gentle influences was felt in the gardens of Brown. A feeling of unrest exists everywhere, all is strained and hard. The brook has lost its music and flows listlessly and silently in its smooth channel; the groups of trees are stationed at regular intervals like sentinels, or resemble perhaps a figure in a stately dance. No roots branch from their bases to give them the appearance of stability, or to

show that they are a part of mother earth, from whence they derive their nourishment and to which they owe their very existence. The levelling process has done away with all that and the boles rise abruptly from the ground, having the semblance of posts stuck in holes. Under Brown and his followers no planting was allowed near the house; that, also, like the trees, springs suddenly from the shaven lawn. Neither vines nor shrubs are seen to soften the abrupt boundary between the purely artificial lines of architecture and the gentle outlines of nature. In places of great age with specimen trees and other natural beauties Brown's school did far less harm—I will go even further and say that he improved them in certain ways. However, as he treated all places alike, old and new, the result of his style of landscape work must have proved highly inartistic when carried out on a new estate where there were no such natural beauties to plead his cause. The crowning mistake of Brown's school, according to my view, was the erroneous idea that vastness of dimensions would necessarily effect grandness of character. This is true of nature in her most sublime moods, as the limitless view of the ocean, but sublime effect is obtained there only because while we are able

to view the whole horizon at a glance yet we *know* that the same vast expanse continues infinitely beyond our vision. It is this *knowledge* that suggests the sublime. If we could *see the whole* at one glance the sublime character would instantly vanish. Brown maintained that a view of a vast area of naked lawn would produce grandeur, but it produced insipidity; he considered that a great length of meandering streams and winding roads would give a broadness never before attained by landscape artists; they only occasioned ridicule. The recurrence of round clumps and belts he thought typically beautiful were only tedious. The very "baldness and bareness" of his scheme by which he thought to produce a grand effect was the one thing which irreparably prevented that effect. The eye ought not to be able at a single sweep to take in all the boundaries of the landscape garden. Planting should occur in such a way that vistas, both long and broad, may intervene. A change of position by even a few yards should open an entirely new scene. The Chinese probably understand better than any one this variety of arrangement, which supplies constant surprises to the eye. The scheme of light and shade ought to be most seriously considered, as they often convey an idea of extent almost

magical. Nothing can be as interesting where the end is seen from the beginning. Burke has graphically told of this in his "Essay on the Beautiful."

In conclusion let me add a word of excuse for Brown after my severe criticism. His style was such as was easily imitated. As he "improved" always on the same lines, this great fault in his method recoiled upon him in the end, because at his death there sprang into being an army of imitators as suddenly as that of Cadmus, though unfortunately not so short lived. These men attempted to carry on Brown's work, but he at least had some judgment from experience while they had none. It was thus that his monotonous style, like a boomerang, returned and struck him down! Had his skill been such as was replete with taste and resource, treating each individual place according to its location, prospect, natural advantages, and surroundings, no such result could have happened; no such herd of incompetent mimics could possibly have attempted it. These usurpers cast upon Brown's memory and his ideas an opprobrium which he did not deserve. His own ideas were bad enough but these fellows' notions were grotesque.

Oft when I've seen some lonely mansion stand,
Fresh from the improver's desolating hand,
'Midst shaven lawns, that far around it creep
In one eternal and undulating sweep—
And scattered clumps, that nod at one another,
Each stiffly waving to his formal brother,—
Tired with the extensive scene, so dull and bare,
To Heaven devoutly I've addressed my prayer:—
Again the moss-grown terraces to raise,
And spread the labyrinth's perplexing maze—
Replace in even lines the ductile yew,
And plant again the ancient avenue.

It is stated that the trees were planted as Marlborough arranged his troops at the battle of Blenheim. This may be so but certainly not with the same success. There are oaks and beeches in the park that stood there centuries before Anne bestowed that princely domain on John and Sarah Churchill. These venerable monarchs stand to-day as they stood when Henry wooed and won Fair Rosamond beneath their shade.

It is said that the interior of the palace is grand. It undoubtedly contains many priceless objects of art and a wonderful collection of paintings by great masters. We were not able to enter it as the Duke was there at the time, otherwise our impression of the visit to Blenheim might have left with us pleasanter reflections. Woodstock has but little to interest the tourist.

This is probably the scene of the second Henry's love affairs which ended so sadly. At all events, it is certain that Chaucer lived in Woodstock for a time. Queen Mary, with her usual kindness of heart, imprisoned her sister Elizabeth for some months in the Gate House.

CHAPTER VII

Oxford—The University

University, Merton, Balliol. Tour of Inspection. "Eights-Week." Newman's Definition of a University. Colleges Reviewed in Chronological Order. Our Versatile Guide. His Sense of Humour.

OUR first day at Oxford was a success. We took carriages after luncheon and made a tour of inspection of the colleges. Exteriorly they look much alike to the casual observer. Of course, upon entering them they vary a great deal both in size and character. After a drive about the town we took a little jaunt into the country.

The Randolph Hotel is very good. It was what they call "Eights-Week" at Oxford, which means that the bumping races are rowed on the Isis. In consequence the town was crowded. We were fortunate to be in Oxford just then, as everything was full of life and gaiety. The students had their mothers, families, and sweet-

hearts there to see the races, and one obtained a good idea of college life in that beautiful old town. We spent a quiet evening in our sitting-room talking over the plans for the next day. Our quarters were comfortable and large, but the weather remained cooler than was pleasant.

As a preliminary to what I have to say of the separate colleges, I am reminded of Newman's description of a university:

> A University consists, and has ever consisted, in demand and supply, in wants which it alone can satisfy and which it does satisfy, in the communication of knowledge, and the relation and bond which exists between the teacher and the taught. Its constituting, animating principle is this moral attraction of one class of persons to another; which is prior in its nature, nay commonly in its history, to any other tie whatever; so that, where this is wanting, a University is alive only in name, and has lost its true essence, whatever be the advantages, whether of position or of affluence, with which the civil power or private benefactors contrive to encircle it.

No attempt, it is almost superfluous to say, has been made to give a comprehensive or detailed historical account of the colleges. Books on Oxford and her colleges are already as thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. I have put

down only those matters which especially interested our party and me in regard to the buildings, and I have been led, by my interest, to recall in passing some of the more famous names which are associated with Oxford University.

Nothing in the course of our trip was more profoundly interesting on all accounts than our visits to the various colleges; and I interrupt the stages of our journeys by here giving what I have to say concerning them, pursuing a chronological plan, commencing with the oldest.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

This was originally known as the Hall of William of Durham. There is a legend about it having been founded by Alfred the Great, which is of course apocryphal. The actual history of the college begins with the year 1249 when William of Durham left a bequest of three hundred and ten marks "for the purchase of annual rents, etc., etc." The University was trusfee and about 1253 secured property for the foundation. It is on this endowment that the college claims seniority over all the others of the University. But it was not self-governed nor did it receive its statutes until 1280, some six years after Merton

College received hers in final form. The buildings have the appearance of great antiquity though in reality most of them date from about the middle of the seventeenth century. These are in the first quadrangle on the west, north, and east sides and contain the Hall and Chapel. The buildings on the north and east sides of the smaller quadrangle date from the beginning of the eighteenth century. The other buildings are more modern, having been constructed near the middle of the nineteenth century. The buildings on the west side of the large quadrangle should be compared with the front quadrangles of Wadham and Oriel Colleges, which are contemporaneous. The older buildings are of interest architecturally from the fact that they represent excellent examples of the survival of the seventeenth century Gothic. I forgot to mention the Master's Lodge which was built from designs of Mr. Bodley in 1879. This is really a charming modern piece of architecture. The fellowships of this college were formerly restricted to Durham and Yorkshire men but this was done away with in the middle of the nineteenth century.

University College has become famous from her illustrious sons. One of the earlier of these was Bishop Horne, who was, I think, the first to

bring to light the maxim: "It is better to wear out than rust out." Horne wrote a commentary on the Psalms and took his B. A. at University about 1749. He afterwards became a fellow of Magdalen College in 1750. John Radcliffe took his B.A. at University College in 1669 but later became a fellow of Lincoln College.

Sir William Jones, the orientalist, came soon after Horne. Jones was about as precocious as John Stuart Mill or Philip Barretier whose biography Dr. Johnson wrote. He entered University College in 1764 and became a fellow in 1766. Jones was one of the first English scholars to master Sanskrit. There is a fine bas-relief of him, by Flaxman, in the antechapel. Sir Roger Newdigate was at University College about 1738 and founded the annual prize for English verse which stills bears his name; one of the conditions being that none of the poems should exceed fifty lines, which condition Macaulay slyly comments on as being most reasonable, "as the world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize-poem is, the better."

William Scott (Lord Stowell) was tutor at University College from 1765–1775, and had for a pupil his equally famous brother John (Lord Eldon) who became a fellow of this college in 1767.

Lord Stowell was a great friend of Dr. Johnson and presented to the college a mezzotint of the great lexicographer after a portrait by Opie which stills hangs in the Common Room at University College. Shelley went from Eton to University College in 1810, but remained there less than a year. He formed the acquaintance of Thomas Hogg soon after entering and these two young gentlemen talked about everything but what they were expected to talk on—their studies. Shelley was expelled on account of his pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism.* Hogg left with him, saying, "If Shelley is an atheist, I am an atheist." To which it is said one of the Dons answered, "No sir! you are only a fool!" In 1893 Lady Shelley presented to the college a monument of the poet by Onslow Ford. It is a recumbent figure, nude, and represented as having been cast ashore by the waves. The building erected to receive this monument is not at all attractive.

Being in possession of only the generally known facts concerning Shelley's dismissal I do not for a moment presume to criticise the actions of such an honourable and dignified body as the Oxford faculty, nevertheless it does seem that Shelley's action in writing the pamphlet might have been somewhat less harshly dealt with;

something less drastic contrived than absolute expulsion. Naturally the whole story may not be generally known and other previous and serious violations of rules may have existed which caused the issuance of the pamphlet to assume a culminating act of insubordination, thereby rendering the severe punishment by the faculty necessary for the good order and discipline of the University. On this point, as I said above, I do not pass judgment except so far as the story is *generally known*. But there is a sequel to this which I do without reserve criticise, with all due respect to the learned gentlemen then at the head of Oxford University. Briefly it is this: How can the previous action of the University above mentioned be reconciled with the action of the same University in accepting, a little over eighty years later, the relics of the unfortunate poet and placing them in the Bodleian Library? How could the same University consistently receive the monument of her rejected son, nay! even do more, erect a building for its reception? If it is said in explanation that in the eighty years intervening a wiser, broader, and more liberal view of religious doctrines had arisen, that individual beliefs were regarded in a more sensible and tolerant aspect,

the later action of the University is honest and laudable and shows progress, but it proves the expulsion of 1810 to be narrow, unwise, and illiberal. If the action of 1810 was just, the action of 1893 was inconsistent; if the action of 1893 was right, the penalty paid by Shelley in 1810 was wrong.

Thomas Arnold, son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, and younger brother of Matthew Arnold, was entered at University College in 1842 and took his B.A. in 1845. Mrs. Humphry Ward, the well-known author, is his daughter. Goldwin Smith, author of *The Life of Jane Austen, Oxford and Her Colleges*, etc., was a fellow in 1847. Smith took his B.A. in 1845. He was Professor of Constitutional History at Cornell College, New York, in 1868. Before leaving Oxford he was made Regius Professor of Modern History in 1858. Mr. Smith has made his home in Canada since the early seventies, venerated and respected in Great Britain and America. A. P. Stanley was made a fellow of University in 1838.

MERTON COLLEGE

During the period that William of Durham was endeavouring to complete his scheme and while the idea which Balliol had conceived was in

abeyance, Walter de Merton founded the college which now has to its credit more than six centuries of corporate existence. Merton has the honour of being the oldest college in Oxford. University and Balliol may be somewhat older in respect to their endowments, but the fundamental idea of a college is first found in Merton and it is, therefore, their senior. This college was founded about 1264, by Walter de Merton, one of the great priest-chancellors and to whom really belongs the credit of devising the collegiate system. Clark says:

> This system (which has been beneficial in its effects down to our own time, for many of our most distinguished scholars entered the University as sizars) was part of the deliberate purpose that animated the design of Walter de Merton, who may be called the founder of the whole collegiate system. He sought to attract the most capable men of all classes, and so to raise up secular schools, which should check the influence of the monasteries, and through them of the Pope.

To-day Merton is one of the larger colleges. In 1864 the "new buildings" were erected, and about the same time the college cut down the "Grove." In this way Merton spoiled one of the finest views in Oxford and at the same time dispelled her claim as one of the most beautiful

colleges there. The old thirteenth-century Chapel, in the Decorated style, is fine and the library is the oldest in Oxford.

Of Merton's famous sons there are many. Wood says Wycliffe was first at Merton before going to Balliol as Master in 1361, but authorities now seem to think that that was another of the same name. Thomas Bodley, of library fame, was graduated at Magdalen in 1563; he took his M.A. in 1566, and became a fellow of Merton. Anthony Wood, author of *Antiquities of Oxford*, obtained a postmaster's place in Merton about 1647, and lies buried in the Chapel. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was made warden of Merton in 1645. Steele went first to Magdalen in 1690, but the next year became a postmaster at Merton. He left in 1694 to enter the army, where his extravagances and dissipations became notorious. In Sir Richard Steele we find one of those contradictory characters of which history has furnished many instances: one of those Jekyll-Hyde existences which are alike remarkable for notorious profligacy on the one hand and endearing and lovable qualities on the other; one of those men of whom we read with alternate feelings of repulsion and admiration, at once entranced by the brilliancy of his attainments

and the vigour and charm of his facile pen, and again astounded by a sudden fall into a lethargy from which it is almost impossible to arouse him. In short his character may not be inappropriately likened to those curious products of the vegetable world where the same plant produces a violent and virulent poison and a nutritious and wholesome food. When I read of Steele, a verse of T. B. Aldrich's constantly comes into my thoughts:

"At Shiraz, in a sultan's garden, stood
A tree whereon a curious apple grew,
One side like honey, and one side like rue."

BALLIOL COLLEGE

Balliol is one of the very old colleges. It was founded by John de Balliol, father of the claimant of the Scottish crown, in the thirteenth century, and by his wife, Dervorguilla. On the Balliol shield the arms are linked, thereby giving due honour, as a founder, to the lady who carried out the main scheme of her husband after his death. About 1260 Balliol incurred the displeasure of the Bishop of Durham and he was sentenced to be scourged and set apart a sum of money for the maintenance of poor students at the University. He fulfilled this by establishing the House of Balliol for poor scholars, the patron

giving to each an allowance of eightpence for "Commons." It is almost impossible to give the exact date of the founding of Balliol College, but it was probably in 1263 or 1264. Balliol died in 1269 and his widow continued to pay the allowance but it was as late as 1282 before steps were taken to create a permanent college. The original buildings have almost entirely disappeared, the present structures being of comparatively recent date.

Balliol's roll is rich in famous names. John Wycliffe became Master in 1361, but there is great confusion about his earlier career at Oxford and authorities differ concerning his first residence there, it being probable that another of the same name was contemporary with him in the University.

Three religious movements have left an indelible impression on England, and these were cradled in Oxford. Wycliffe preached to the Lollards there and instructed them. Nearly four centuries later John Wesley was at the head of a band of young men conspicuous for their religious seriousness and zeal, who became known as Methodists, and whose tenets have spread throughout the English-speaking world. A century later, namely in 1833, John Henry Newman became associated

with the Oxford Movement and wrote many of the famous *Tracts for the Times.*

John Evelyn entered in 1637 but left without taking his degree, although in his diary he relates in detail the fact that he received an honorary degree at the opening of the Sheldonian Theatre in 1669. Evelyn was one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society, and at its meetings he read his discourse on forest trees which formed the basis for his most famous work—*Silva*, published in 1664. Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations*, Robert Scott, the Greek lexicographer, Matthew Arnold, who was Newdigate prizeman in 1843, and Swinburne, who left without a degree, are on the list. Southey's acquaintance with Samuel Taylor Coleridge began at Balliol in 1794 while the latter was on a visit there. The meeting on that day in June was a fortunate one for Coleridge and his family. Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, entered Balliol in 1809. The handsome and athletic Sir William Hamilton, whom De Quincey in later years says was regarded as a "monster of erudition," entered Balliol in 1807, where he formed a warm, though not lasting, friendship with Lockhart. A. H. Clough was a scholar here in 1837.

Arthur Penryhn Stanley was entered in 1834. This brilliant man won many prizes during his college career. In 1837 he won the Ireland and Newdigate scholarships. The following year he was elected a fellow of University College. He left Oxford in 1851 to accept the canonry of Canterbury but returned in 1856 as Professor of Ecclesiastical History. In 1864, he was installed as Dean of Westminster Abbey and died in 1881. Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold is probably his best known and most permanent work. Benjamin Jowett, the gifted translator of Plato, entered in 1835 and was associated with Balliol sucessively as student, fellow, tutor, professor, and master for over half a century. He was known as "the little downy owl" on account of his juvenile appearance, soft voice, and shy manner. The sweetest and most tender recollections remain in Oxford of this learned and scholarly gentleman. Andrew Lang matriculated at Balliol and was elected a fellow of Merton in 1868. Thomas Hill Green entered Balliol in 1855 as a pupil of Benjamin Jowett and was elected a fellow of his college in 1860. He married Miss Charlotte Symonds, a sister of John Addington Symonds in 1871. His wife used playfully to call him "Sir Bors, who spake so low and sadly at

our board." Mrs. Humphry Ward in her novel, *Robert Elsmere*, has drawn the character of Mr. Grey from Thomas Hill Green, and based that of Edward Langham upon Walter Pater. Green founded a university prize and was a benefactor of Balliol College.

Matthew Arnold entered Balliol in 1841, and became a fellow of Oriel in 1845. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1857 to 1867. Arnold lectured in America during the years 1883–1884 and 1886. It is relevant to insert here a few lines from Matthew Arnold on Oxford:

> No, we are all seekers still! seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful City! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!
>
> "There are our young barbarians all at play!"
>
> And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, ever keeps calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen.

Under the leadership of three eminent men—

Jenkyns, Scott, and Jowett—this college has risen to the very head of intellectual learning in Oxford. Breaking away from old traditions Balliol threw open its scholarships to competition. To be a scholar of Balliol is an open sesame to all intellectual circles.

On starting out that morning, we found a guide—or rather he found us—and his name was Plaister (Phœbus! what a name!) but pronounced "Plaster," and he was all that the word implied. We never could unglue him until the train pulled out for Leamington. He was the most remarkable talker I ever heard both as regards quantity and quality. The way he juggled the H's was phenomenal; there was a rapidity and dexterity of technique, a smoothness and felicity of diction, without any pebble training either, that would have made Demosthenes despair. But Plaister knew Oxford and he knew it well; he learned some things wrong to start with twenty years before but could never change them. The worst side of Plaister was his humour. He had stated hours and places to tell "funny" stories. We learned to know the hours and could escape, but he had us on the places and we, like the guest in the *Ancient Mariner*, could not

choose but hear. Fortunately for myself and fortunately for the reader, I cannot recall any of these extraordinary tales; there was nothing in them to hook into the mind, no point however small to take hold and stay. All I remember of those stories is a great hum and confusion of H's.

Of course we didn't want to hurt Plaister's feelings and the embarrassing thing was when to laugh. Naturally we had to get our cue from the narrator and it was a comical sight to see us gathered about him watching his face intently for the time to burst forth into mirth. We used to take those funny things home at night to study out, as we did the road map. The collection was so uniformly without humour that Maud said there really must be something wrong with *us* as it wasn't possible for a man to gather together such a quantity of jests without some hidden, subtle mirth too deep for us. So we each took a fragment of a particular tale home one evening and wrote it out; we unhooked H's from some words and hooked them on others to see if any phonetic scheme would bring merriment; we reconstructed words, sentences, punctuations, but all failed. As we sat serious and intent upon our problem, mirth seemed the farthest from our

thoughts. It was as if to laugh meant for us the fate of Thersites. When we found it was hopeless, that not a particle of humour could be possibly extracted, Ethel finally said that if *Punch* ever heard of Plaister his fortune would be made. Only once, Plaister being quite innocent, did one of the H's dropping off make a little fun; it was when he said that a certain friend of his went through his Oxford course without an "itch."

CHAPTER VIII

Oxford University (*Continued*)

Exeter, Oriel, Queen's. Their Architecture. The Rowing Races. Maud's Religious Principles Shocked.

EXETER

IN resuming to-day our survey of the colleges, we first visited Exeter. Generally speaking there is but little left of what might be called "old" of Exeter's buildings,—a little corner here, a little nook there. The old Chapel built in the early part of the seventeenth century no longer exists; it was destroyed about fifty years ago to give place to Scott's Chapel, which has a decided touch of Sainte Chapelle. This is really a lovely piece of modern Gothic. At times there seems to have been a sort of architectural upheaval in Oxford. Beautiful old buildings were sacrificed to give way to modern architectural lines. This was noticeably so in the case of the

demolition of Balliol's sixteenth-century and Exeter's seventeenth-century Chapels. Should this revival of different architectural schools continue with the results above noticed, Oxford will soon have lost its entrancing charm—its medieval character. Exeter was founded in 1314 by Walter de Stapleton and was called Stapleton Hall for nearly a century.

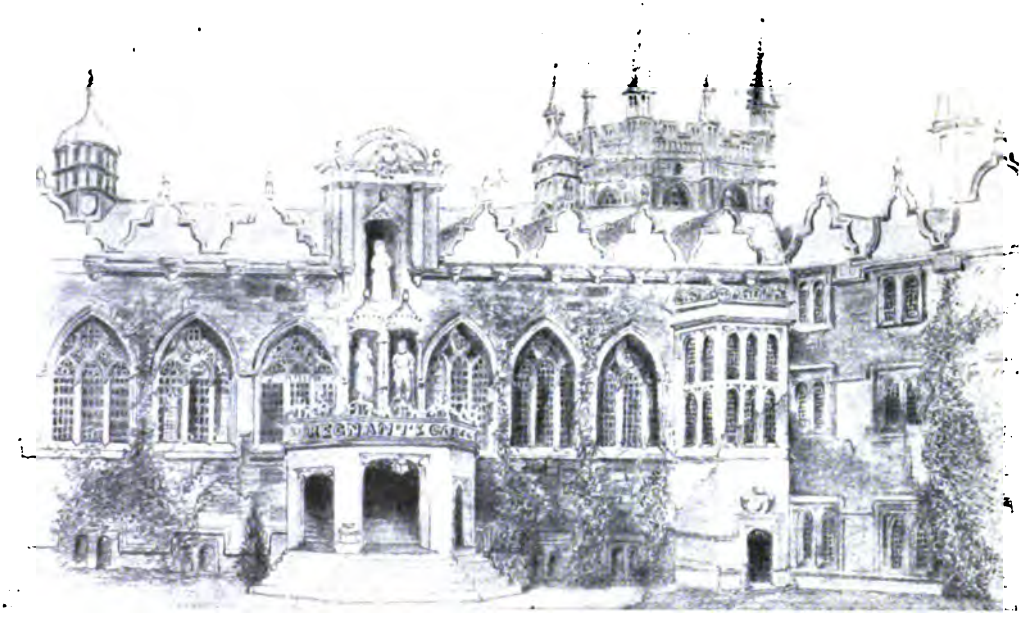
One of the older and most celebrated names connected with this college is that of Grocyn who, on his return from Italy, where he went to perfect himself in the Latin and the Greek tongues, took a room at Exeter and delivered a series of Greek lectures. He is the first Englishman who taught Greek to his countrymen in their own land. Samuel Wesley, who had to practise the strictest ecomomy, was at Exeter about 1683. We will further mention him in connection with Pembroke College. James Anthony Froude was at Oriel College first but was elected a fellow of Exeter in 1842. *The Nemesis of Faith* appeared in 1849 and it cost Froude his fellowship, though a little over forty years later he was Regius Professor of modern History at Oxford.

Other famous alumni of this college are John Taylor Coleridge, the friend of Keble, and his son John Duke Coleridge (Samuel Taylor Cole-

ridge went to Jesus College, Cambridge). Burne-Jones and William Morris were at Exeter in the fifties. Their connection there is made memorable by the tapestry which adorns the south wall of the Chapel representing *The Visit of the Magi* which was designed by Burne-Jones and executed by Morris. Sir John Gardner Wilkinson, the explorer and Egyptologist, was at Exeter College, but left without a degree. Wilkinson is an acknowledged authority on the old Egyptians, their manners, history, and religion, and stands in the same relation toward the ancient Egyptians as Edward Lane does toward the modern Egyptians. Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, graduated in 1819. He travelled in the United States, and delivered lectures there in the years 1841 and 1852–53. Oxford conferred the degree of D.C.L. on Lyell in 1854. Alexander Dyce was at Exeter and graduated the same year as Lyell.

ORIEL COLLEGE

In point of antiquity Oriel is the fifth in line, dating its origin to 1324. The statutes show that Oriel was of a more ecclesiastical character than either Balliol or Exeter. This college was legally founded in 1326 by Adam de Brome at the close of the reign of the second Edward. Old



ORIEL COLLEGE QUADRANGLE, OXFORD
(From a Pencil Drawing by the Author)

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Saint Mary's Hall and Bedell Hall, both antedating Oriel, were subsequently conveyed to the latter and formed part of it. The older buildings in the front quadrangle are of the seventeenth century. These are about the same age as the front quadrangles of Wadham and University Colleges. The buildings of the garden quadrangle are of a century later or even more. On the north side of the garden quadrangle is the library, which was built from designs by Wyatt in 1788. The Hall is really a charming bit of architecture. The exact meaning of Oriel in connection with this college has never been satisfactorily explained, though probably referring to some archtectural term. Another idea is that it is derived from *oratoriolum*, meaning oratory.

Gilbert White went to school at Basingstoke and had for his master the Rev. Thomas Warton, the father of Joseph and Thomas Warton who still hold places in English literature. Thomas Warton, the elder, was fellow of Magdalen and Professor of Poetry and also vicar of Basingstoke and Cobham. In December, 1739, White was admitted to Oriel as a commoner, graduated in 1743, became a fellow in 1744, and took holy orders in 1747. He was proctor in 1752 and stood for the provostship in 1757. It is stated that White,

while his health permitted the journey, always attended the election of fellows of Oriel. On this occasion the gentlemen-commoners were granted permission to use the common-room after dinner. They seldom, if ever, took advantage of this liberty unless White was to be present, "for such was his happy manner of telling a story that the room was always filled when he was there."

Newman became a fellow in 1822, where he met Richard Whately, who later became Archbishop of Dublin. Whately was a fellow of Oriel at that time. A. H. Clough and Matthew Arnold though matriculated at Balliol became afterwards fellows of Oriel, the former in 1841 and the latter in 1845. Dr. Thomas Arnold was a fellow in 1815. Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, had Oriel for an Alma Mater. He took his B.A. in 1845. In connection with Oriel the name of Cecil Rhodes should be mentioned. Under the terms of his will the bulk of his great fortune was left to the University and an hundred thousand pounds to Oriel.

John Keble came from Corpus Christi in 1811 with a Double First. He was made Public Examiner in 1813 and tutor of Oriel in 1818. Keble won two prizes for English and Latin essays

in 1812. He left Oxford in 1823 but returned in 1831 and was Professor of Poetry for ten years. The college bearing his name is a tribute to his memory. Keble was a prime factor in the Oxford Movement as his contemporary Newman states in his *Apologia*. The *Christian Year* was published in 1827, which, before his death, in 1866, had passed through ninety-five editions.

Edward Pusey came to Oriel as a fellow in 1822, and took his M.A. in 1825. He was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in 1828. In 1833 Pusey joined with Keble and Newman in the work of the *Tracts for the Times*. Pusey in later life (1862) made an attack on Jowett, then Professor of Greek, partly on account of the latter's essay on *Interpretation of Scripture*. Pusey House was founded principally in order to carry out his work and inherited his library.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE

Scarcely a vestige of the original Queen's remains. This college was founded in 1340 by Robert Eglesfield, chaplain of Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III., and named by him in her honour. The oldest part of the buildings dates from the reign of Charles II.; the library was finished at the end of the seventeenth century. The

collection of books forms one of the finest collegiate libraries in Oxford, containing nearly seventy thousand volumes. The ceiling of the library is of the most elaborate character with carving by Grinling Gibbons. The Chapel was designed by Wren. The front quadrangle of Queen's College is a beautiful piece of architecture, I think of the Italian school. It was designed by Wren, I believe, and built by his pupil Hawksmoor. The Hall, Chapel, and front quadrangle all date from the early part of the eighteenth century.

In her roll of honour appear the names of the Black Prince, Cardinal Beaufort, Addison, Wycherly, Jeremy Bentham, William Collins, and Francis Jeffrey. Joseph Addison was at Queens College in 1687 but went to Magdalen in 1689, having been offered a demiship (a demi, under the statutes, was a scholar admitted to half-commons) by the President. At Magdalen, Addison secured his M.A. in 1693, was a probationer-fellow in 1697, and a fellow from 1698 to 1711. Bentham entered Queens in 1760 and took his degree of B.A. in 1763 at the age of sixteen. He took his M.A. in 1766. Bentham left college with no very pleasant recollections, as he wrote that he learned nothing but "men-

dacity and insincerity." Thomas Tickell entered Queens in 1701, received the degree of M.A. in 1709, was a fellow in 1710, and Professor of Poetry in 1711. William Mitford, the historian of Greece, was a student at the college in 1761, but left without a degree, as did Francis Jeffrey, who remained but a few months. Walter Pater was at Queens in 1858 and was tutored by Jowett, who once said to him: "You have a mind that will attain eminence." In 1864 he was elected a probationary fellow of Brasenose. Lancelot Addison was at Queen's College in 1655 and M.A. two years later. In his capacity of *Terræ filius* (which Evelyn defined as an university buffoon), Addison delivered a violent attack on puritanism which he was compelled to retract. He left Oxford in 1657, but the University gave him the degrees of B.D. and D.D. in 1675. William Collins, the poet, was at this college, but like Joseph Addison the coveted demi took him to Magdalen in 1741. Collins was a poet of great merit. His *Ode to Evening* is exquisitely beautiful. Collins became imbecile in late life. Hazlitt says:

> Read the account of Collins: with hopes frustrated, with faculties blighted—at last, when it was too late for himself or others, receiving the deceitful

favours of relenting Fortune, which served only to throw their sunshine on his decay, and to light him to an early grave. He was found sitting with every spark of imagination extinguished, and with only the faint traces of memory and reason left—with only one book in his room, the Bible; "but that," he said, "was the best." A melancholy damp hung like an unwholesome mildew upon his faculties: a canker had consumed the flower of his life.

Is this not a sad ending for a brilliant mind which had scarcely reached the zenith of its power? I know of nothing more pathetic than the story of such a life and others similar, for alas! there are many examples. The inappreciation of the world, the censure of hostile critics, and frequently the distress of poverty turn the brightest prospects in life into dismal existence, hope into bitterness, and ambition into lethargy and despair. They have sapped the vital forces and have changed the milk of human kindness into gall.

Who can read the life of Keats without sorrow or that of Chatterton without a shudder and a regret? Can one recall without emotion the grave in the little Protestant cemetery at Rome with its simple headstone and the pathetic inscription: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," or contemplate without a sigh the barren attic chamber in Holborn and the

couch upon which the immortal flame of genius was extinguished?

Cut was the branch that might have grown full straight
And burned was Apollo's laurel bough.

Such sad histories are not unlike the progress of a thorn. The sharp, hard, and repellent spine was not always such. It started into life a soft and healthful bud, promising, like its neighbours, to become a beautful branch and to develop its leaves and blossoms and to fructify with each year. Lack of nourishment, uncongenial surroundings, and other extraneous influences, however, blight its growth, radically change its character; it withers and becomes indurated.

NEW COLLEGE

This is a beautiful and most satisfactory college, because most of the buildings remain as they were originally built. The college was founded in 1379 by that famous prelate, architect, and statesman, William of Wykeham, whose name is probably the greatest of Oxford founders. The Chapel is a beautiful example of the Perpendicular style. Some of the windows date from the fourteenth century and are superb. The large

west window is from designs by Reynolds. The gardens are beautiful. Hawthorne describes them as in "a sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion."

William of Wykeham was one of the greatest men of his age. His versatility was remarkable and he had a powerful influence throughout the kingdom. Froissart says: "This Sir William of Wykeham stood so high in the favour of the King of England that by him all things were done, and without him was nothing done." That Wykeham was an architect of eminence is shown by his work at Oxford where he erected a noble college more practical for its needs and uses than any other up to that time. Under Edward III., who was called Edward of Windsor, great improvements were made in Windsor Castle. These vast works were under the direct superintendence of Wykeham, who was appointed Keeper of the Manors of Old and New Windsor in 1359. There are still to be seen the words *Hoc fecit Wykeham* cut in a stone on the Winchester Tower. When the King saw this he did not care for the way his great architect was advertising himself and he straight away sent for William and in no pleasant language demanded an explanation. That wily prelate said that his Majesty had not read the

Latin correctly, that it did not mean that Wykeham had made the tower but that the tower had made Wykeham. At Winchester, this gifted man remodelled the cathedral's nave from the western front to the central tower.

Grocyn was a fellow of this college in 1498, but later went to Magdalen.

Henry Chichele, the founder of All Souls College, was at New College in 1387 and became a fellow of the college two years later. Nearly a century later came Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury who performed the marriage ceremony of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon in 1509. He was fellow of New College in 1475 and Chancellor of Oxford University from 1506 to 1532. To Thomas Chandler much credit is due for the introduction of the Renaissance into Oxford. He brought to Oxford Cornelio Vitelli who lectured in Greek at New College about ten years and later at Exeter College about 1491. Chandler was warden of the college from about 1455 to 1475, and Chancellor of the University for many years. Edward Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, entered New College about 1703 and was for a short time at Corpus Christi. He received a law fellowship at All Souls College in 1708, and took the degrees of B.C.L. in 1714

and D.C.L. in 1719. Sydney Smith went to New College in 1789 and became a fellow in 1791. Smith's college career, however, is singularly meagre of detail, but it is known that he was one of the first presidents of the Junior Common Room. Smith was given a prebend at Bristol in 1828 and was afterwards made rector of Combe Florey. It is somewhat strange that this brilliant and versatile man, whose talents were extraordinary, did not achieve greater ecclesiastical honours.

After visiting the various colleges to-day all the party, piloted by Plaister, except Lucy and me, went to the Isis to see the boat races. Among Plaister's other accomplishments is rowing, and they said he was in great shape physically and in "good voice." Maud, who is really of a religious turn of mind, *in spots*, came home much disturbed and quite disgusted with the old guide. When I asked Chan. quietly what had put Maud out he fell into a spasm of laughing and I could n't get at the story until the laugh subsided. It seems that Maud did not understand the method of racing in vogue at Oxford, which is this: The Isis being narrow, the racing boats, with their large sweep of oars, cannot pass each other as

in ordinary rowing competitions, and they are, from necessity, obliged to inaugurate the unique feature of "bumping." That is, if a crew can overtake and "bump" a leading boat, the latter is thereby defeated and withdraws from the race. With this explanation, it will be understood how Maud got her "bump." During one of the exciting sprints, she was astonished to see old Plaister rise and waving his arms about his head madly shout out these most sacrilegious words, "Brasenose bumped Jesus!" "Brasenose bumped Jesus!" When Maud came to, she said that she looked at her husband and Chan., expecting, of course, to hear them severely reprove the profane old guide, but as they did not seem to be at all put out, she became indignant and sought consolation with Ethel. "Imagine my astonishment," said Maud, "when I had in an awed whisper repeated what the terrible old fellow had said, to have Ethel answer: 'I don't see anything wrong about that.'" Maud, finding herself alone in her opinions, said she thought she would go back to John and Lucy and see whether the *entire* party had gone mad. On the way home the whole matter was entered into at length but when I saw Maud she had scarcely recovered and said she thought that at least the

word "college" could easily be inserted after the two proper names. It would n't take much longer to say this she said "and it would sound ever so much more Christian."

In the evening we broached the subject of taking the motor to France, which I really wanted to do, but I saw George's pencil peeping from his waistcoat pocket, so I said I would wait and see how expensive it would be.

CHAPTER IX

Oxford University (*Continued*)

Lincoln, All Souls, Magdalen, Brasenose, Corpus Christi. Lincoln Founded as a Defence of the Catholics. The "Crown Inn" on High Street. Sir William Davenant's Mother. Shakespeare's Associations with the Inn. The College Buildings. The Soothing Influence of these Old Quadrangles and Cloisters.

LINCOLN COLLEGE

LINCOLN COLLEGE, which we first visited this morning, was established as a sort of defence of the Catholic faith against the prevailing opinions in the University, which were called, by many, heretical. During the first few years of its existence Lincoln had a hard time and had no suitable home. Students who had previously taken the degree of M.A. or at least B.A. were the only ones eligible for a Lincoln fellowship. Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, founded the college in 1427 as a "little college for theologians." Part of these buildings remain in their

original state, notably the tower and rooms over it. The Hall dates almost from the foundation and the Chapel from 1631. The second quadrangle is of about the same period. The Chapel has some exquisite wood-carving.

The greatest name on the Lincoln College roll is that of John Wesley. He was elected a fellow of Lincoln in 1726, having been at Christ Church, where he entered six years before. He was tutor at Lincoln College from the years 1729–1735. Wesley's pulpit is in the antechapel. Dr. Radcliffe was a fellow of Lincoln from 1669 to 1677. This learned doctor seems to have been very deficient in his knowledge of the female disposition. He was appointed physician to Princess Anne but so much displeased that lady by telling her that her illness was but the vapours that she promptly dismissed him.

Sir William Davenant was at Lincoln College early in the seventeenth century. Davenant's mother was the hostess of the Crown Inn in High Street and it is said used to welcome Shakespeare on his way from Stratford to London. This is a pleasing thought but must, of course, be taken *cum grano salis*. Robert Montgomery, the poet, took his B.A. at Lincoln in 1833, and his M.A. in 1838. Any one wishing to know what kind of

poetry Montgomery wrote will readily find out in Macaulay's review of him in 1830. John Morley, the biographer and statesman, was at this college.

ALL SOULS

All Souls was founded by Archbishop Chichele in 1437 to commemorate the death of those Englishmen who were slain in the French wars. The buildings were begun in 1438 but the statutes of the college were not formally issued until five years later, namely in 1443, and but a few days before the death of the founder.

Though Dr. Ingram maintains that All Souls College retains certain old and original edifices, yet the fact remains that the main part of the buildings can claim no great antiquity. The new structures are cunningly contrived so as not to obliterate the older buildings. Parts of the chapel are really old, dating from the fifteenth century. The chapel was consecrated in 1442. Alterations at different times have left, however, but little of the original building. The hall and library were built about the same time. They were erected in the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

The Codrington library contains one of the finest collections of books in Oxford University. It now has nearly ninety thousand volumes.

The room itself is very imposing, being two hundred feet long and of grand proportions. Colonel Codrington, a former fellow of All Souls College, founded the library and bequeathed to it his valuable books and ten thousand pounds. The library is now generously opened to the public. Under the terms of Codrington's will he left a bequest to establish Codrington College in the Barbados. Besides this there were other directions, one of which calls forth a bit of sarcasm from Horace Walpole in 1754:

> I was reading t' other day the Life of Colonel Codrington. He left a large estate for the propagation of the Gospel, and ordered that three hundred negroes should constantly be employed [as slaves] upon it. Did one ever hear of a more truly Christian charity than keeping up a perpetuity of three hundred slaves to look after the Gospel's estate?"

I suppose this was written ironically; if it was not it ought to have been in that vein. Slavery, as we all know, was looked upon in a different light in those days. Dr. Johnson thought well of it.

Additions to All Souls sprang up during the Reformation. The view of the buildings from the great quadrangle is impressive. The twin towers are the work of Hawksmoor. In 1870 the great reredos in the chapel was accidentally

discovered by workmen who were repairing the roof. It had been plastered over during the reign of Charles II. All Souls College has no undergraduates but has fifty fellowships.

Although the founder of this college rose to the highest dignity in the Church yet he was not so much a theologian as a diplomatist and statesman.

Sheldon was one of the great wardens of All Souls. Jeremy Taylor is also associated with this college. Hazlitt, who was not given to saying pleasant things, pays him a very high tribute. He speaks of him thus: "When the genius of Jeremy Taylor is no longer remembered with reverence, genius will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty shade." He was made a fellow in 1635.

Wren came from Wadham in 1653 and left a beautiful monument (as he usually did) in the great sun-dial which adorns the rear quadrangle. On it is the motto *Pereunt et imputantur* ("They go away and are counted against us"). Wren was a fellow from 1653 until 1661. Blackstone probably wrote portions of his great *Commentaries* at All Souls, as Lord Stowell related to Dr. Johnson, and as told by the gossiping biographer of Johnson, with the help of a bottle of port before him. Malone says that Lord Stowell wrote to Blackstone's family to apologise

for Boswell's anecdote. There was rumour current in Johnson's time that Blackstone might have lived longer had he not used so much port. Lord Stowell and his brother Lord Eldon both liked port, "the stronger the better," yet they lived to be ninety and eighty-six years of age respectively.

Blackstone was a fellow of All Souls in 1744, the degree of B.C.L. was conferred on him in 1745, and he was Professor of English Law from 1758 to 1766.

Dr. Thomas Linacre was a fellow of All Souls in 1484. His translation of Galen's *De Temperamentis* is the earliest production of the English press in which Greek characters were used. Sydenham was made a fellow of this college in 1648. Bishop Heber became a fellow in 1805 and Lord Salisbury in 1853. Lord Curzon, the present Chancellor of Oxford University, is a fellow of All Souls.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE

On the site of Magdalen College there was formerly a hospital and a part of its thirteenth-century wall is still to be seen. Gilpin in his *Forestry Scenery* tells of an oak that stood near the gate of the water-walk which was probably

MAGDALEN COLLEGE AND TOWER, OXFORD
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a sapling when the University was founded by Alfred the Great. Five hundred years afterwards Waynflete ordered his college founded near that oak. When the present walks were laid out the old monarch was much injured by having its roots disturbed. It remained in a more or less state of decay until the summer of 1788 when it fell with a great crash, "alarming the college with its rushing sound." History has handed down the dimensions of this magnificent tree. It is stated that its branches covered a space of sixteen yards on every side and three thousand men could easily be sheltered beneath its ample canopy.

The chapel is of the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the chapel tower but a few years later. This tower is supposed to have been designed by Wolsey but it probably antedates that time. The chapel tower in the Perpendicular style is the glory of Oxford. The newer buildings looking on High Street and the deer park are fine. Macaulay gives us a delightful picture of Magdalen College, its tower, venerable buildings, its gardens, and mentions a gigantic oak that stood there in the founder's time, which probably refers to the one described above. I quote somewhat at length from Macaulay's History:

A graceful tower, on the summit of which a Latin hymn was annually chanted by choristers at the dawn of May day, caught far off the eye of the traveller who came from London. As he approached, he found that this tower rose from an embattled pile, low and irregular, yet singularly venerable, which, embowered in verdure, overhung the sluggish waters of the Cherwell. He passed through a gateway[1] overhung by a noble oriel, and found himself in a spacious cloister adorned with emblems of virtues and vices, rudely carved in grey stone by the masons of the fifteenth century. . . . The service of the Church was performed morning and evening in a chapel which had suffered much violence from the Reformers, and much from the Puritans, but which was, under every disadvantage, a building of eminent beauty, and which has, in our own time, been restored with rare taste and skill. The spacious gardens along the river side were remarkable for the size of the trees, among which towered conspicuous one of the vegetable wonders of the island, a gigantic oak, older by a century, men said, than the oldest college of the University.

Magdalen was founded by William of Waynflete in 1458, but the college was not built until about 1474 and finished in 1486. Waynflete took Wykeham as a model. He imitated him and gave special privileges to students of New College. He introduced gentleman-commoners by authorising the admission of "twenty high born youths,

[1] This gateway is now closed.

who were not merely to board, but to be educated in the College." Old Anthony Wood says "Magdalen is the most noble and rich structure in the learned world"; its water-walks "are as delectable as the banks of Eurotas where Apollo himself was wont to walk." Here, indeed, at each and every turn is beauty; the buildings, the very walks, exhale wisdom and one has but to breathe in order to learn. That brilliant cavalry officer and versatile man, Prince Rupert, was sent here. Going back still further the roll of Magdalen shows the names of Grocyn, John Colet, Reginald Pole, the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury Lyly, the Euphuist, John Foxe, the Martyrologist, Thomas Bodley, founder of the library, and William Camden, the antiquary. Wolsey was for a time Master of Magdalen. Samuel Daniel, who was poet-laureate after the death of Spenser, and Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, were at Magdalen Hall (not College). William Grocyn was a fellow of New College in 1467 or 1468, but removed to Magdalen, where he was divinity reader. After some years in Oxford he visited Italy in 1488 in order to study the Greek and Latin tongues. He resigned his place at Magdalen before leaving Oxford and on his return he associated himself with Exeter.

John Colet was born about 1467, and took his degree at Oxford. He travelled in Italy for three years from 1493 to 1496. He returned to Oxford in 1496 and delivered a course of lectures on the *Epistles of St. Paul.* In 1497 or 1498, Colet made the acquaintance of Erasmus, who came to Oxford to study. Erasmus speaks in the highest praise of the scholars of that time: "When I listen to my friend Colet, I seem to be listening to Plato himself. Who does not admire in Grocyn the perfection of his training? What can be more acute, more profound, or more refined, than the judgment of Linacre? What has nature ever fashioned softer, or sweeter, or pleasanter, than the disposition of Thomas More?"

Later we find Addison at Magdalen where he received a Master's degree in 1693, was probationer-fellow in 1697, and an actual fellow in 1698. He retained his fellowship until 1711. His name is for ever connected with his Alma Mater by the lovely wooded walk along the Cherwell which bears his name. In 1689 Addison was made a demi by Dr. Lancaster, then Dean of Magdalen who had seen and admired some of his Latin verses. It is to be regretted that so few facts are known about Addison's life at Oxford. Thomas Tickell in his life of Addison was able to get but a

few scattered fragments concerning his college career. "It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow-students by the delicacy of his feelings, by the shyness of his manners, and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high," says Macaulay.

Gibbon's relations with the University were not the pleasantest and the bitterness which he felt in his 'teens does not seem to have sweetened in mature years. Some one has said that his sneering remark, in describing the battle of Tours, that had the result of that battle been different, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mohammed," has almost an air of regret.

George Horne was a fellow of Magdalen in 1750 and was successively President of the college, Vice-Chancellor and Chancellor of the University, Dean of Canterbury, and finally Bishop of Norwich. His name is familiar as author of *The Commentary on the Psalms*. Charles Reade went to Magdalen in 1831, became Vinerian fellow in 1842, and was elected Vice-President in 1851.

BRASENOSE COLLEGE

Just how the college came by this curious name has never been fully settled, though most authorities claim that it was derived from a Brasenhus or Brewery which formerly occupied the site.[1] Others state that it is so called from the famous brass knocker representing a curious head with an abnormally large nose, but this may have been presented to the college after it was named and on account of its name. The college was founded in 1509 by Richard Sutton and William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln. Letters patent were issued by Henry VIII. in 1512 empowering these two founders to incorporate and establish a college. The history of this college is extremely uneventful. The most famous name connected with Brasenose is that of John Foxe the Martyrologist, but it is doubtful if he went there and Magdalen probably alone should have the honour of his name. Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, was at Brasenose in 1593, but he soon went to Christ Church with which he is uniformly associated. His tomb is in the cathedral. John Marston, the dramatist, whom Hazlitt states was "a writer of great merit," was contemporary

[1] Lyte in his history of the University of Oxford distinctly discredits this derivation of the name.

with Burton. Brasenose was at her height at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Reginald Heber at that time won the Newdigate prize for his poem on Palestine, and it was to him that Sir Walter Scott suggested the lines:

> No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence!

Heber's poem is considered by many the best of its kind ever written at Oxford.

Another Newdigate prizeman was H. H. Milman, who was a fellow of Brasenose in 1814. Sir Robert Peel made him canon of Westminster and he was Dean of St. Paul's in 1849. Still another celebrated alumnus of Brasenose is Richard Barham, author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, who went there in 1817. That delightful critic and prose writer, Walter Pater, became a fellow of Brasenose in 1864 and lived in the college many years. He died in Oxford in 1894.

The hall is in its original form. The library and chapel, of the middle of the seventeenth century, are of mixed architecture. The front quadrangle is finely gabled, but the upper story really mars the harmony. Brasenose is the most Greek of Oxford colleges.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

Corpus Christi was founded by Richard Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, in 1516, and the statutes given in the next year. The buildings are less interesting than the history of the college. They belong principally to two periods, the Founder's and the eighteenth-century period. The front quadrangle, the hall, and chapel were built in the early part of the sixteenth century. The chapel contains an altar-piece by Rubens and the library is next to Merton's in picturesqueness. The new buildings were erected in 1885. There is a quaint sun-dial in the front quadrangle erected about 1581.

Corpus Christi, Merton, and New College are the three colleges on which the entire history of Oxford University rests. Merton was the originator of the College System; New College put that system in actual force and established it; Corpus Christi adapted it to the modern learning of the Renaissance period. Erasmus said that Foxe's College would rank among the "chief ornaments of Britain." Erasmus came to Oxford to learn and not to teach. He was urged while there to deliver a course of lectures but he cautiously refused and returned to Paris about 1500.

That Erasmus was a man of many and great

weaknesses there can be no doubt. That he was a man of keen perception and an observer of extraordinary acuteness are facts equally indubitable; a diplomatist of the very highest order. This love child, quondam priest, and brilliant scholar visited many of the countries of Europe; was intimate with and welcomed by the greatest men in those countries. It would be idle to suppose that he did not observe the power of the Papacy and weigh with accuracy and anxious care the chances of its overthrow. That he was cautious to an unenviable extent it would be useless to deny, that he deserted Protestantism in its restricted sense, it would be folly to assert, for the very good reason that he never joined it. It has been asserted that he left the Reformation or, at least, failed in that zeal for its advancement which was expected from him and of which his ideas had earlier given promise. It is undoubtedly true that his enthusiasm oozed when the hornet's stings began to be felt by the ardent supporters of that great cause.

Erasmus suddenly discovered that, like Frankenstein, he had produced something which threatened to destroy him. He had little conception what a storm of fury was to burst forth. The monks said that he had laid the egg and Luther

had hatched it, but Erasmus quaintly observed that the egg he laid was a hen and that Luther had hatched a game-cock. Erasmus has been called coward and traitor but, nevertheless, there is a world of truth in what he said when he observed that he could not see why he should be a martyr for that in which he did not believe. The only trouble was then and is now—what did he believe? That is, what did he believe strongly? Somehow one cannot help thinking—what did Simon Aleyn believe?

John Selden has somewhere said that wise men say nothing in dangerous times and then cites an appropriate fable: "The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt: she said 'Aye;' he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him: he said 'No;' he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him: truly he had got a cold and could not smell." Erasmus was the fox in the fable. His course was without doubt prudent and wise but certainly not heroic. Erasmus arose from the firmament like a great luminary which cast its radiance on the thinking world. The *Adagia*, *Moria*, *Colloquies* were the rays from this scintillating body. Their influence was felt by thousands. These are great, enduring, and

above all tangible, but when an endeavour was made to trace these glorious beams they were found to emanate from a light which, though fascinating, was intangible.

There is much uncertainty and haziness concerning the conduct of Erasmus during those intense and hazardous times. This very uncertainty proves a great deal, for during such periods great characters do not long remain in pliable and plastic form, but must of necessity be moulded in immutable casts. There is no haziness about the conduct of More at that time, no wavering, no shrinking when confronted with the Act of Supremacy. There is no uncertainty in the attitude of Luther at the Diet of Worms. "*Ich kann nicht anders*" is a shibboleth which has divided the Christian churches of the world.

These enduring words grew in intensity and penetrated the hearts of those whose intellects permitted them to reason deeply. Those principles so firmly expressed, so clearly argued by the humble miner's son before the nobles of the land and the princes of the Church, kindled and branded themselves on the very souls of a people whom custom had made slaves; a people who thought not, or if they did think, considered that if their fathers were content all must be

right. But the time had come when those burning words contained in the ninety-five theses consumed the veil which bandaged a million eyes and kept them in darkness, groping about amid bigotry and superstition and burdened with oppression. The revelation was at hand. That bit of paper affixed to the door of the little church of Wittenberg had grown to such proportions that all the world saw it. Its letters were emblazoned: "Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, saying, Repent ye, would have the whole life of believers to be repentance." The mighty populace arose, shook themselves, and threw aside the lethargy of centuries. The rusty fetters fell from them and they stepped forth free thinking, self-responsible Christians with only the Bible supreme—Protestantism was born.

In the statutes of Corpus Christi is seen a marked leaning toward the Renaissance, though the college was founded some years after that galaxy of celebrated scholars which comprised Grocyn, Colet, Linacre, More, and Erasmus had separated.

A general protest arose against the Catholic Church due to its powers and privileges and burdensome taxes. The corruption of the manners and practices of the clergy became intolerant to

those who became enlightened by the Revival of Learning. The Renaissance had spread and became popular with a large class of cultured and intelligent persons. In Germany such scholars and humanists as Reuchlin and von Hutten worked diligently and "prepared the ground for the reception of the seed of the Reformation." Italy was the cradle of the Renaissance movement and it spread rapidly to the north but with widely different results. In Italy the new learning gave birth to great artistic energy accompanied with a relaxation of manners; in England it brought primarily a longing and desire for moral reform, for a simple, purer faith based on the ideal philosophy of Plato. When we are endeavouring to believe that the knowledge of Greek brought with it purity of thought and manners let us try to forget Porson.

John Colet and Thomas More each did much in the way of advancing the new learning and are called the Oxford reformers. Colet founded St. Paul's School with his own private fortune. Here the discipline was carried on through kindness; brutality, which played so important a part in times past, was banished. Colet's taste lay in education and St. Paul's became the model after which others were founded. On the other

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hand, More's inclinations were for politics and the solving of problems for better government.

Utopia widely differs from Machiavelli's *Prince*, which is realistic, whereas More's famous book deals with the ideal political government. It is not surprising that Henry VIII. after reading the great and good principles laid down in *Utopia*, where religious tolerance was a government rule, should have considered More about ready for the axe. It is not surprising that the intelligent, thinking people should compare the mode of life in *Utopia* with that which they endured under the cruel and despotic sway of the eighth Henry.

An Italian by the name of Cornelio Vitelli is said to have been the first person who introduced polite literature into the schools of Oxford. Grocyn, who was a fellow of New College, about the year 1468 probably was instructed by Vitelli in the rudiments of Greek. Later he went to Italy. About the same time that Grocyn was finishing his studies in Italy, another eminent man went there, a man who was destined to revolutionise the science of medicine. This was Thomas Linacre, who had been a fellow of All Souls. To Linacre is due the revival of Greek thought in England in the sixteenth century. By his masterly and accurate translations the

science and art of Galen and Hippocrates were freshly brought to the attention for serious thought and study. Maine says, quoted, in *Greek Thinkers* by Professor Gomperz, "To one small people . . . it was given to create the principle of Progress. That people was the Greek. Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." Linacre is to-day first and foremost the literary representative of English medicine.

Three great names stand out with pre-eminence in British medical science—Linacre, Sydenham, and Harvey. The first two were alumni of Oxford, Harvey an alumnus of Cambridge, but afterwards warden of Merton College. Merton received a bequest from Linacre, who founded the Professorship of Comparative Anatomy.

Among the early students of Corpus Christi was Reginald Pole, later the Cardinal, afterward identified with Magdalen College. Bishop Jewel came to the college from Merton in 1539, and laboured so diligently that his health broke down and later he was obliged to leave the college by reason of his religious views. One of the Commission took this solemn occasion to make a miserable pun. He said that though they had kept all their chapel ornaments they "had thrown

away a jewel more precious than all the rest." Still more illustrious are the names of Lord Stowell and Lord Tenterden, who were scholars of Corpus Christi. Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, was a student in 1763. The Kebles, John and Thomas, were both students of Corpus Christi. John became a fellow of Oriel in 1811 and in 1831 was Professor of Poetry. Dr. Thomas Arnold was contemporary with John Keble at Corpus Christi and at Oriel. He gained in 1815 and 1817 the Chancellor's prize for two University essays, one in Latin and one in English. Ruskin returned to Oxford as Slade Professor in 1870 and had rooms in Corpus Christi.

The quiet of these college quadrangles and the mouldering arches of the cloisters seem to exert a soothing influence; the walls breathe and whisper with the souls of those scholars, priests, and poets who have long since gone to the world of sun and light and left in their earthly home a prevailing and pervading sanctity which banishes all ignoble thoughts.

CHAPTER X

Oxford University (*Continued*)

Christ Church, Trinity, St. John's, Jesus. The Magnificence of Christ Church. Tom Tower Finished by Wren. Dr. Fell. *Letters of Phalaris*. Swift's *Battle of the Books*. Charming Gateway at Trinity. Its Buildings and Antiquity. Carvings by Gibbons. Thomas Warton, Professor at Trinity. Fanny Burney's Uncomplimentary Description of Warton's Appearance. Dr. Johnson Fond of Trinity. Of St. John's College Original Buildings but Little Remains. Beautiful Gardens Connected with the College. President Laud did much for St. John's. His Execution. Jesus College. Its Buildings. Its Punch-bowl. Ethel Discovers a Fireplace in our Sitting-room. Its Enormous Service to us.

CHRIST CHURCH

RESUMING our itinerary we visited this morning the most magnificent college in Oxford. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1524. The oldest part of the college buildings is that south of the Cathedral which was originally the library, but now converted into rooms. Three sides of the superb quadrangle are also of Wolsey's time, but the north side was not completed for

considerably over a century after the famous Cardinal's ignominious death. Dr. Samuel Fell, who became dean of Christ Church in 1638, endeavoured to complete the north portion, but the Civil War intervening the work was discontinued and left in an imperfect condition.

The approach to the hall, with its imposing staircase and graceful fan-traced ceiling, is as beautiful a piece of architecture as Oxford possesses and is a lasting monument to the old dean. Dr. Samuel Fell died in 1649. It has been said that grief at the execution of Charles I. had much to do with his death. Dr. Fell's famous son John completed the work which his father began and really deserves the title of a second founder. He secured the services of Wren, who finished Tom Tower in 1682. The great bell (weighing about nine tons) rings every night at five minutes after nine and five minutes later all the gates of the college are closed. Old Tom chimes out one hundred and one strokes, which signifies that there were originally that number of students at the founding of the college.

The hall is truly grand in design and proportions. It is one hundred and fifteen feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high, with a magnificent carved oak ceiling. This room is embellished by

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, SHOWING TOM TOWER
(From a Pencil Drawing by the Author)

numerous portraits by the greatest masters of their day. Holbein, Reynolds, Lely, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Kneller, Romney, Millais, Herkomer are all represented. The buildings on the Broad Walk are modern.

It would be well-nigh impossible to chronicle all of the names of famous men associated with this college in the early days. Any one interested to that extent may consult old Anthony Wood and get detail in plenty. We shall start with Dr. John Fell and mention only a few of the most illustrious men antedating him. Fell took charge after the civil strife in England was over and he is best known perhaps to the general reader by that very spiteful little verse which has gone all over the English speaking world:

> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this alone I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

It seems rather severe on the Doctor, who really did much that was good and worthy and literary, to select such an uncomplimentary doggerel to perpetuate his name. The second line of the verse seems true enough, for no one appears to know why he was unpopular except that he made the students do their work. Our old friend, Wood,

is prejudiced, of course, because the Doctor took the liberty of putting in and cutting out parts of his book.

The first name to record is that Bayard of English chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney. Sidney entered Christ Church in 1568, and was contemporary with the historian of English discovery, Richard Hakluyt, who later dedicated his *Voyages* to him. Sidney did not stay very long at Oxford, for in 1572 we read of him travelling in France. One, not very creditable, act of Dr. Fell was to deprive Locke of his studentship, but even this must be looked upon in a charitable way, because he was forced to do it by those great in power, though he apparently took quite a relish in it. John Locke, probably the greatest and certainly the most original of English philosophers, came to Christ Church in 1652 and took his degree of B.A. in 1656 and M.A. in 1658. He was appointed Greek lecturer in 1660 and lecturer on rhetoric in 1662. Locke formed a warm friendship with the great physician Sydenham while in Oxford. He was deprived of his studentship in 1684 mainly because of his supposed complicity in Lord Shaftesbury's plots.

William Penn, of colonial fame, who came to Christ Church in 1660, was also expelled by Fell.

In 1689 came Dr. Henry Aldrich, as dean, and in his rule arose that most celebrated of scholarly disputes in the editing of the *Letters of Phalaris*, in which Bentley, Boyle, Sir William Temple, and others were involved. Swift wrote a travesty on this famous controversy called *The Battle of the Books*. Macaulay gives a review of this famous dispute in his essay on Sir William Temple. John Wesley came to Christ Church in 1720, but in later days is identified with Lincoln College.

In 1723 Lord Mansfield, "the father of modern toryism," arrived at Christ Church and seven years later came George Grenville, nicknamed the "Gentle Shepherd" and the originator of the Stamp Act, which precipitated the American Revolution. George Canning, the great Foreign Minister, and Robert Peel, the great Finance Minister, were both at Christ Church, the latter winning a double first, as did his illustrious follower, Gladstone, some years later. Henry George Liddell and Robert Scott were there together and their names are identified with the Greek Lexicon. Scott became Master of Balliol in 1854. Liddell became Dean of Christ Church in 1855 and is interred in the burial-ground of the Cathedral.

Christ Church has the exclusive honour of having three successive Premiers on her rolls—Gladstone,

Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery. Nor must the author of *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Hunting of the Snark* be forgotten, Charles L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), who was lecturer in mathematics from 1855 to 1881. Ruskin matriculated at Christ Church in 1836 and won the Newdigate prize in 1839.

TRINITY COLLEGE

Trinity College has no frontage on the street. A charming old gateway opens upon the large quadrangle. This college occupies the site of an ancient college called Durham, which Henry VIII. suppressed. Some of the old Durham buildings still remain and date from the fourteenth century. The hall is of the early part of the seventeenth century, and the chapel, of the end of that century, is built from designs of Dean Aldrich of Christ Church. The wood-carving in the chapel by that master workman, Grinling Gibbons, is magnificent.

Later in this book, I shall mention at greater length the work of Gibbons, but in passing I shall only insert Horace Walpole's eulogy. He says: "There is no instance of a man before, who gave to wood the light airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the

elements with a free disorder natural to each species." The New Quadrangle, built from designs of T. G. Jackson, is very attractive. These buildings were completed in 1887.

Trinity was founded in 1554 or 1555 by Sir Thomas Pope. Its history is not especially interesting though that of its predecessor—Durham—is.

Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, who did so much for Oxford, graduated from Trinity College in 1617 and took his degree of M.A. in 1620. The Sheldonian theatre was begun in 1664 and completed in 1669. It was built from designs of Wren. The cost of this building was paid entirely by Sheldon from his private fortune.

Two great presidents adorned Trinity in the seventeenth century—Dr. Ralph Kettell and Dr. Ralph Bathurst; both did much for Trinity and both grew extremely eccentric in old age. The latter threw stones and broke windows in Balliol College, and the former carried shears to cut the students' hair.

Kettell built the hall which bears his name about 1615 to accommodate commoners of the college, but it was afterwards converted into a private residence. It was here that Johnson and Boswell used to visit Thomas Warton, who

was then Professor of Poetry and later Camden Professor of Ancient History. Warton was poet-laureate from 1785 to 1790. Fanny Burney describes him as "looking unformed in his manners and awkward in his gestures." Warton died suddenly in the Common Room and is buried in the antechapel of the college he served so long and loved so well.

Johnson, while true to his Alma Mater, Pembroke, had a great liking for Trinity, and stated to Boswell during his visit to Oxford in 1754 that if he came to live in Oxford, he would take up his abode in Trinity. Walter Savage Landor went up to Trinity in 1793. His career at Oxford was short, but eventful. He was known as "a mad Jacobin." That combative and defiant spirit which was the cause of so much trouble in later life, early showed itself. He had been removed from Rugby, and at Trinity he could not be persuaded to compete for any kind of distinction. Southey was a student of Balliol at the time but it seems that he did not become acquainted with Landor until 1808 when they met at Bristol, Southey's birthplace. Landor was rusticated as the result of his having fired a shot at the window of a fellow-student, whom he did not like: prompted by the same ungovernable temper which many

years later caused him to throw his cook out of the window at Fiesole. Fearing that he had spoiled a bed of flowers just beneath the window, he instantly thrust out his head and exclaimed, "Good God, I forgot the violets." He might have returned to Trinity, but his rebellious spirit would not permit it, so he gave up his rooms and left his college and his father's house at the same time. His unfortunate disposition kept him at war with every one during his long life. Byron used to call him "Savage Walter Landor." Landor passed the latter days of his life at Fiesole, where he died in 1864; a modern Lear who received nothing from his own. "I never did a single wise thing in the whole course of my existence, though I have written many which have been thought such," wrote Landor in his later years, and it sums up his character excellently well. If we sometimes feel provoked with the irascible old man and his outbursts of temper let us read but those eight beautiful lines—"Rose Aylmer"—and we will forgive Landor his weaknesses and cherish his memory. Charles Dickens wrote of his last meeting with Landor thus: "I would not blot him out, in his tender gallantry, . . . for a million of wild mistakes at eighty-four years of age."

Sir Richard Burton was at Trinity in 1840 but like Landor he quarrelled with every one and was compelled to leave for disobedience. Burton's life reads like a romance. It is filled with desperate adventures and escapes. He was a man of iron; a physique made to endure the most incredible hardships; an energy which was untiring. Burton possessed a great and accurate amount of knowledge concerning the language, customs, and literature of the East, and is possibly best known by his translation of the *Arabian Nights*.

Langton and Beauclerk were students at Trinity and they are known to history as the young gentlemen who more than once took Johnson on a frolic. William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, and Lord North, names intimately associated with our Independence, were at Trinity College.

Newman entered Trinity in 1816, became a scholar in 1818, and an Honorary Fellow in 1877. He always had the kindliest feelings for Trinity though he was more intimately associated with Oriel. The name of Edward Augustus Freeman is closely identified with Trinity College. He was a scholar in 1841, probationary fellow in 1845, and Honorary Fellow in 1880. He was examiner in the School of Law and Modern History in the

years 1857–8, 1863–4, and 1873. Freeman received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University in 1870, and was Regius Professor of Modern History from 1884 until 1892.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

The college is on the site of an old Cistercian college called St. Bernard, which shared the usual fate of such institutions when Henry VIII. was once fairly started on his career. It shared, therefore, the fate of its neighbour, Durham College, which, as we have seen, preceded Trinity College. Of St. Bernard's College, which was founded by Archbishop Chichele in 1437 during the reign of Henry VI., but little remains of its original architecture. The hall was built in 1502 but is considerably changed. The chapel dates from 1530, but it is also greatly altered. The west and front sides of the first quadrangle date from the original foundation. The present college was founded in 1555 by Sir Thomas White. Like Trinity College this came into existence in Bloody Mary's reign. Laud came to St. John's in 1589 and was elected President in 1611. He completed the library.

This library contains an extremely valuable and

rare collection of books. It numbers among these certain incunabula, notably a copy of Chaucer printed by William Caxton.

Portions of the two quadrangles were erected toward the close of the sixteenth century. Laud did much for this college and completed the Canterbury or second quadrangle and the President's Lodge during the years 1630–1635. The garden front and the colonnades are the designs of Inigo Jones and show the effect of his foreign travel, as they are in the Palladian style. The grounds are charming and laid out in the naturalistic style, which was quite an innovation, as formerly the college enclosures were of the geometric or formal school. St. John's College and grounds strike the American as the most comfortable and homelike of all the colleges. The students pass much of their time in the garden—there they exercise, they study, and the beautiful surroundings, it would seem, tend to make them happy and add to their tranquillity of mind,—in other words, making them true disciples of the philosophy of Epicurus.

The modern buildings, completed but a few years ago, are handsome. St. John's suffered much from the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax. As is well known, Laud died on the scaffold

and his body was buried in the chapel; the library contains relics of him.

JESUS COLLEGE

This was the first college founded after the Reformation. Hugh Price obtained a charter from Elizabeth and founded Jesus College in 1571. Price died but three years later and the college seems to have progressed but little for many years. Jesus College is essentially Welsh. Large portions of the college were rebuilt in 1621 and restored in 1856. The entrance on Turl Street is old; the hall, chapel, and principals' lodgings are of James I. period. The quadrangle dates from the years 1675–1679, but was not fully completed until 1713. The library was built in 1667 by Jenkins. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn presented a huge punch-bowl to the college, which was to be given to the man who could span it with his arms and then drink its contents. I suppose these Welshmen have had a good time endeavouring to win it, but as it holds ten gallons, it is quite a task. Dr. Johnson, I understand, had a go at it, and if they had filled it with tea, I doubt not that the old fellow could have done the trick. Many well-known Welsh divines and bishops have been educated in this college, but they

are not interesting to many persons. One man especially is worthy of notice here—John Richard Green. He was born in Oxford in 1837, and obtained a scholarship at Jesus College in 1854. In his *Short History of the English People*, Green produced a work which critics claim is the best of its kind ever written. Beau Nash was educated in Jesus College, having matriculated in 1692.

On reaching our sitting-room at Oxford, we made a discovery. I think it was Ethel who found it, for she has very sharp eyes and is always finding things. I believe, therefore, what credit there is, is due to Ethel—she found an open fireplace tucked away at one end of the room. It was cold and damp at Oxford and the room was very large. We had really been uncomfortably chilly, so when the discovery was announced everybody was delighted, but when we saw the thing our spirits fell. It would have been extremely difficult to wedge in a reed-bird, if it was to be roasted. I never will believe that any man built that fireplace except as a joke. Chan. said that they had had such bully times with fires in Ridley's and Latimer's days that they had gotten tired of them and did n't care to see

them about much. The next morning I asked the waiter if they ever lighted a fire in the affair; he said "only in very cold weather, sir, as it makes the room so very warm."

CHAPTER XI

Oxford University (*Continued*)

Wadham, Pembroke, Worcester, Hertford, Keble. Beautiful Old Buildings of Wadham. Pembroke on the Site of Broadgates Hall. The Library is Old. Sir Thomas Browne at Pembroke. Coleridge's Admiration for Browne. Shenstone. Johnson's Career at Pembroke. Worcester College Gardens Beautiful. Worcester Called "Botany Bay" and "Wuggins." Hertford College, its Complicated Foundation and Composite Character. Hart Hall and Magdalen Hall Associated with the College. Keble College of Recent Date. Buildings not Especially Attractive. Farewell to the Colleges. Concluding Reflections.

WADHAM COLLEGE

THIS college, the first one visited to-day, has more of its original form than any other college in Oxford. It is also on its own foundation, that is to say, it was not reconstructed on the hall or ecclesiastical college already existing, as we have before noted in the case of Trinity, St. John's, and others. Wadham was founded in 1613 by Nicholas Wadham and his wife Dorothy and, as in the case of Balliol, the

wife by carrying into execution the plans of her husband became a co-founder.

Wadham impresses one as being of great antiquity. Signs of the dilapidation of time are seen everywhere, lichens and mosses peep from the interstices in the walls, and all the accompaniments of age are present. The mark of man's modelling has long since disappeared from the stones, which are mouldy, sombre, and disintegrating. The buildings are excellent examples of the After-Gothic style which was a return to the purer methods of a century or so previous.

The chapel and hall date from the early part of the seventeenth century. The east window in the chapel was designed by Bernard Van Ling and is of the same period. This is indeed an exquisite example of old glass. The front quadrangle remains as it was at the founding of the College. Jones and Wren soon appeared and the Gothic style gave way to the Italian school.

One of the first wardens of Wadham was John Wilkins, a brother-in-law of Cromwell, who was made Bishop of Chester by Charles II. Wilkins was warden from 1648 to 1659, and was one of the group of famous men who formed the Royal Society about the year 1662. There had been meetings of this society in London for many

years antedating that year but the charter was not received until 1662. Dr. Congreve, Frederic Harrison, and Professor Beesley, all leading positivists and followers of the Comtean philosophy, were at Wadham about the same time.

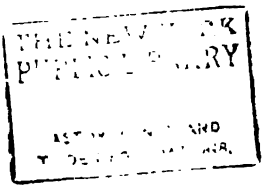
Thomas Sprat was a student at Wadham in 1651 and Sir Christopher Wren was contemporary with him, having entered in 1649. Sydenham was also at Wadham and afterwards secured an All Souls fellowship as did Wren. Early in the nineteenth century, Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury, was a student at Wadham. Probably the most illustrious of Wadham's sons is Admiral Robert Blake who graduated in 1617. Wadham College gardens are charming. They were laid out by Warden John Wills about an hundred years ago.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE

This stands on the site of old Broadgates Hall and the present library is all that is left of the original. The buildings are of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even of later date, having been remodelled.

John Heywood, the epigrammatist, was at Broadgates. He was a friend of Sir Thomas More and died about 1580 exiled in consequence of

WADHAM COLLEGE AND GARDEN
(From a Pencil Drawing by the Author)



his devotion to the Catholic faith. Francis Beaumont was a student at Broadgates, but left without a degree. Sir Thomas Browne was a fellow-commoner in 1623. Johnson, in his life of Browne, says he was the first man of eminence graduated from the new college, and in a speech Browne likened the new Pembroke to a Phœnix rising out of its ruins. He was a great favourite of the poet Coleridge, who said he was "rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits, contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction."

John Pym, the English Mirabeau, in style and eloquence, was at Broadgates Hall about 1600. He was a Somersetshire man and is probably known best by his bitter, some say vindictive, arraignment of the Earl of Strafford. Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt comprise "The Three English Statesmen"—the subject of a course of lectures by Goldwin Smith about 1867. Broadgates Hall was converted into Pembroke College in 1624. Blackstone matriculated here in 1738. George Whitefield came in 1732 together with Shenstone. Richard Graves, the younger, took his degree the same day that Whitefield did and was afterwards ridiculed by Graves in the *Spiritual Quixote*.

Whitefield, the son of a tavern keeper, was extremely poor and in his *Short Accounts of God's Dealings*, etc., he relates the menial tasks he was obliged to do until his mother entered him at Pembroke as a servitor. Apropos of poor students, not to mention Johnson's well-known case, the experience of Samuel Wesley, the father of the famous Wesleys, who afterwards were to influence the whole state of religion in England, is a striking example. He arrived in Oxford with a little over two pounds, which not only supported him, but he graduated from Exeter College, and left for London with over ten pounds to start on in life.

Most persons suppose that Shenstone was in college with Johnson, but he arrived after the great lexicographer had gone. Johnson seemed to have had an admiration for Shenstone as a man but did not think he had much merit as a poet, in fact, nobody does nowadays. The old doctor used to love to repeat Shenstone's lines written on the window in the Red Lion Inn at Henley-on-Thames, before mentioned, and agreed thoroughly with the sentiment. He himself used to say that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

Shenstone was a mediocre poet, and is best known as the author of *The Schoolmistress*, consisting of some forty stanzas in Spenserian style. Walpole used to call him the "water-gruel bard." Shenstone had some taste for landscape gardening, and, as a young man, laid out "Leasowes," his paternal estate in Worcestershire. It was then that Johnson said "he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters." As a landscape artist he has no claim to permanent fame though he spent many years in the improvement of "Leasowes," as Sir William Temple did at "Moore Park."

William Camden, the great antiquary, entered Pembroke in 1567, and while there composed a Latin grace which is still in use at the college. Bishop Nicholson said of him: "The prince of our English antiquaries was Mr. Camden. . . . His *Britannia* is the book which may honestly be styled the common sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches."

Johnson entered Pembroke as a commoner in 1728 in his twentieth year. He was poor, unattractive in person, and of quick and unruly temper. His relations with his tutor were anything but friendly and he repeatedly was fined for missing

lectures. On one occasion he complained to his tutor, Jordan, that he had been fined twopence for non-attendance at a lecture not worth a penny. Johnson's father having become bankrupt, he was compelled to leave Pembroke in the fall of 1831 without a degree. It was stated that he was gay and frivolous at Pembroke but this he denied in later years. "I was mad and violent, Sir! It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor; and I thought to fight my way by my literature and wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." Johnson's room is still to be seen; it is small and approached by a narrow winding staircase. Macaulay's striking observations on Dr. Johnson are well known:

> What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion. To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have, in general, received only from posterity. To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries.

It is indeed quite contrary to most instances, that Johnson was so fully appreciated during his lifetime. This does not usually fall to the lot of men of genius. Jean Paul Richter's witty, though bitter, remark is often in my thoughts when I

hear of fame coming to a man only after his death: "The sprig of laurel, like the lemon in the mouth of a wild boar, is not put into ours until we are shot and dished up." The struggles of this brilliant man against poverty, as recounted by Carlyle, are most affecting and it is pathetic to remember that Richter's unfinished essay on *Immortality* was laid upon his coffin.

WORCESTER COLLEGE

This was in the thirteenth century called Gloucester College or Gloucester Hall.[1] Three hundred years later it was known as St. John Baptist Hall, and a century and a half still later it became Worcester, when a Worcestershireman, by name Sir Thomas Cookes, left $50,000 to it. Worcester College proper dates from 1714. On the south side of the large quadrangle are some remains of old Gloucester Hall in the form of monastic houses. The buildings on the north side of the quadrangle date from the middle of the eighteenth century and the hall a generation later. The chapel is somewhat more modern. The library (1746) contains a valuable collection of books. The gardens, which are really delightful

[1] The body of Amy Robsart was brought to Gloucester Hall before burial in St. Mary's.

were acquired in 1740. Dr. George Clarke of All Souls did much for the new Worcester, not only in money, but also by designs for the buildings. Clarke also gave his library to Worcester. Sir Kenelm Digby entered Gloucester Hall in 1618. Richard Lovelace was at Gloucester Hall about 1634, and De Quincey was at Worcester in December, 1803, but left without his degree. Henry Kingsley was at Worcester College in 1850 but nothing is known about his life there. His distinguished brother Charles was the cause of Newman writing the famous *Apologia pro Vita Sua* which arose from Newman's controversy with Charles Kingsley. Worcester by its remote position as regards the other colleges is dubbed by the guide books "Botany Bay," but is more familiarly known to the students as "Wuggins."

HERTFORD COLLEGE

The existing foundation of Hertford College is of recent origin, but the buildings and history are linked with old Hart Hall, which was founded toward the end of the thirteenth century by Elias de Hertford. Hertford College has been founded twice. The present foundation dates from 1874 and is due, in a large degree, to the generosity of the great banker, Mr. Baring. The former

foundation of Hertford College antedates the present one by considerably over a century.

After many trials and tribulations Dr. Newton, then principal of Hart Hall, succeeded, in 1740, in obtaining a royal charter and the former foundation of Hertford College went into effect. Newton died in 1753 and his college dragged out an existence for fifty years longer, but finally, for want of funds, it succumbed in 1805. At the dissolution of Hertford College a portion of its property was transferred to the University of Oxford and the remainder transferred to Magdalen Hall. Magdalen Hall was founded by Bishop Waynflete some years before the great college with which his name is so uniformly associated came into existence. The Hall became independent in 1602. Eleven years after the dissolution of the first foundation of Hertford College, namely in 1816, the President and fellows of Magdalen College obtained an Act of Parliament by which they acquired for Magdalen Hall the site and buildings formerly occupied by Hertford College. Magdalen Hall, which originally stood on the site of St. Swithin's buildings of Magdalen College, burned in 1820. Two years later the principal and other members of Magdalen Hall removed to what had been previously

Hertford College and received, as above stated, the residue of the property which that college had formerly owned.

Magdalen Hall was dissolved in 1874 by Act of Parliament and the principal and scholars of that Hall were incorporated as Hertford College.

With the histories and associations of the Halls at Oxford it is not my intention to speak except to notice in a cursory way the names of a few celebrated men connected with two of them. John Selden, the learned antiquarian, was at Hart Hall as early as 1600. Milton considered him "the chief of learned men reputed in this land." Jonathan Swift was a member of Hart Hall about 1692. It was in 1691 that the Dean wrote his *Pindaric Odes*, one of which appeared in the *Athenian Mercury* in 1692. This attempt to imitate Cowley called forth the following criticism from Dryden: "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." This remark Swift never forgave.

Under Magdalen College I have mentioned the fact that Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, and Samuel Daniel, the poet, were at Magdalen Hall. I shall now add the names of Thomas Hobbes the philosopher, and the great judge, Sir Matthew Hale. Hobbes took his B.A. in 1608, and Hale came about twenty years later. Both

OLD IFFLEY MILL NEAR OXFORD
(From a Pencil Drawing by the Author)

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Hart Hall and Magdalen Hall perished from inanition as the following rhyme records:

> He was just ninety-three
> When he took his degree,
> Which is youngish for Magdalen Hall.

It is worthy of notice that Charles James Fox was a student at Hertford College in 1764 under its first foundation.

KEBLE COLLEGE

Keble College was founded in 1870 in memory of John Keble. The main object was to provide training for those who intended taking holy orders, and to provide it in an economic way. The undergrads take their meals in common. The rooms while small are comfortable and the furniture inexpensive. In one sense Keble is not a college as it lacks independence. The hall and library, as well as the chapel, are the gifts of the Gibbs family. In 1870 the north, east, and west sides of the larger quadrangle were completed from the designs of Mr. Butterfield. The buildings are seen at their best with the light behind them as this mellows and softens the colouring, which is somewhat gaudy.

This was our last day in Oxford. As I walked back to the hotel in the misty twilight which follows a typical English day, I was conscious of the quiet influence of this ancient city of learning; conscious of the feeling of awe that ever surrounds mouldering age. The succession of colleges looked sombre, nay! gloomy, as one after another they grew in outline on my approach, and as rapidly faded away as they were left behind. The old towers were dimly seen in silhouette against the already deepening sky and appeared as gigantic sentinels stationed to guard the secrets of a bygone age. The mist clung about their tops in racks and, seemingly, with a lingering caress, as if loath to leave those mouldering stones which it has enshrouded for centuries. These sober and dignified giants seemed to frown on the passer-by, with the disdain that age frequently has for youth, to resent, as it were, the coming of a new age with its strange customs and inventions.

But it is a brighter, broader, altogether better age that these grizzled remnants look upon. The great religious dissensions, which rended Oxford to her very core, have ceased, those barbaric upheavals which ended in blood and fire are no more. The fanatics who, by claiming to serve

Christ and advance His teachings, broke every law that He laid down and violated every example that He set, have long since made their appearance before the Master to answer for their interpretation of His laws. In our own age and time we more and more realise that the essence of Christianity is found in the words of Christ to the woman of Samaria: "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship *the Father in spirit and in truth.*" This divine lesson was wholly lost upon that age and time.

Those sovereigns and their satellites who took Christianity, the most beautiful and sacred thing which the world has given us, and turned the Church of Christ into a modern Moloch, into whose insatiable maw they cast their victims, have, for centuries, been mouldering dust, though they have left a blot on England's fair and proud escutcheon which shall be as eternal as the Pyramids. Henry VIII., a great sovereign but detestable man, is happily gone, but, as if regretting that the span of a single life was not equal to the thirst for innocent blood, he transmitted his vicious and perverted traits to an elder daughter,

who faithfully carried on the slaughter, although, in order that none might escape, she took the other side of the controversy on "religion" and killed those whom the father had spared. Oh, what a heritage! And so continues the grewsome line; the sycophantic cardinals, the bigoted priests, the treacherous courtiers come and go like Dante's procession in Hades.

Let the grim old guardians keep these records —they may be in sympathy with those atrocities, for they are of that time; let them bury them deep within their walls, that the world may try the sooner to forget them; but let them not bury the great and the good with such ignoble companions, rather let them proclaim their works and deeds from their chapels and belfries. Mansfield, Eldon, Stowell, Johnson, Gibbon, Locke, Bentham, Shelley, Ruskin, Gladstone, have stepped forth, emblazoned, from a dark and gloomy background, like the young prince in the fairy tale, to bring good into the world, that the world may be the better and wiser for their coming.

As I reached the end of my journey and turned for a last farewell to the colleges, I saw that the darkness had engulfed them and not a trace was visible, and I mentally compared the scene with the Oxford of mediæval days, its University

encompassed by the impenetrable gloom of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition; and I considered that ere a few hours had passed the coming of the new day would dissipate the darkness and the mists which lay like a pall upon it, and the sun, as if symbolical of an enlightened age, would tinge the old towers and walls with a radiance of light and life, and the University would emerge as it now is: great, incomparable, dignified, the pride and glory of England and the English-speaking world.

Oxford! Dear Oxford! I part from thee with reluctance and regret. But the exigencies of our itinerary are inexorable. Second only to London, Oxford is the place of deepest interest in England. It is worth a trip over continents and seas to behold and study. Fondly do I hope that the future holds in kindly reversion, for me and mine, the good fortune again to see and visit thee and meditate among thy learned and peaceful shades. If so we will doubtless feel as Longfellow said of Nürnberg:

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That we once had trod its pavement, once before had breathed its air.

CHAPTER XII

Oxford to Leamington

Manor House at Leamington. It Enticing Surroundings. Nothing to Eat its only Disadvantage—Goldsmith's Remarks on French Cooks. Quotation from Plautus should be Put over Dining-room Door. Short Review of Leamington's History—Famous Persons who have Enjoyed its Beauties. Excursions to "Kenilworth," "Stoneleigh Abbey," and "Stratford." Visit to Warwick. "Kenilworth's" Majestic Ruins. Description of its Former Gardens. Beautiful Mansion of "Stoneleigh." Its Grandly Wooded Park. "Charlecote Hall." Its Association with Shakespeare. The Charming Country. The Quaint Cottages. The Happy and Contented Peasants. Warwickshire Verdure. Warwick Castle. Its Superb Outlines. Romance of "Guy of Warwick." "Guy's Cliffe House." St. Mary's Church at Warwick. Leicester Hospital. Shakespeare's Home. The Johnson Bust.

AS we were informed quite suddenly by our charming hostess that our rooms had been engaged by Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia University (we hoped he had good circulation and was warm-blooded), we were obliged to leave as there was no hope of finding accommodations elsewhere in Oxford during "Eights-week." We

telegraphed the "Manor House" at Leamington and secured rooms. This "Manor House" is most attractive; it stands in ample and well-kept grounds and everything is clean, neat, and prosperous. The beds are good; the linen fine and soft; the attendance perfect. There is only one trouble,—they don't give their guests any food. If the buxom landlady who bore down upon us on our arrival (Hawthorne once likened such a person to a seventy-four-gun ship) governs the culinary department, she is a wonder. She can certainly make an infinitesimal quantity of food go farther than any living person. We could not help being reminded of what Goldsmith once said: that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had butcher's meat, for they can make ten dishes out of a nettle top. There was the largest and most varied collection of nice, appetising looking dishes spread about in conspicuous parts of the dining-room, but they were like Thackeray's description of George IV.: It was all outside. Lucy spied a fine looking boiled lobster. Being particularly fond of this she ordered some. The waiter brought her a claw but there was n't a particle of meat in it, no! not a caruncula. My roast beef was impossible; it was like trying to eat one of the motor tires. It would not have

been amiss to put over the dining-room door two lines I remember somewhere in Plautus: "Come with teeth well shod, to say the truth, my viands are full hard."

The history of Leamington practically does not date farther back than one hundred years. In the year 1800 it had a population of a little over three hundred people, and there were not over thirty houses, thatched cottages, and these were grouped around the grey old tower of the parish church. In 1808 six mineral springs were discovered, but Leamington still remained an obscure village. In 1814 the Spa had made a decided advance, and we are informed by a contemporary writer that the town contained upwards of an hundred elegant lodging-houses. In 1843 Mr. George Morley notes in his *Leafy Warwickshire* that the "thatch disappeared as if by magic from the roofs of the old cottages."

In the forties Dr. Jephson, the physician who did so much to speed Leamington's progress, as a rising health resort, established his reign. In 1819 George IV. visited Leamington. In 1830 Princess Victoria also made a trip there, accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Kent. While at Leamington in the thirties Mr. Gladstone wrote a portion of his celebrated essay on *Church and*

THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE NEAR LEAMINGTON

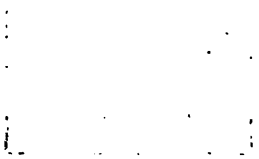
State. A few years later Mr. Ruskin came as a patient to Dr. Jephson. Hawthorne was a constant visitor to Leamington, and the impressions which it left upon him are vividly recorded in that delightful work *Our Old Home.* Lord Lytton formed his acquaintance with Leamington in the early forties and Dickens laid one of the scenes of *Dombey and Son* in the Holly Walk.

The town of Leamington is beautiful; the streets are wide and bordered with well grown trees. The Jephson gardens are laid out with great taste and care. Leamington is a favourite place for tourists' headquarters, inasmuch as it is the nucleus of many interesting historic spots which lie within a radius of some ten or fifteen miles. About six miles north of Leamington are the interesting and beautiful ruins of Kenilworth Castle. There is probably no baronial ruin so familiar to all English readers as this one, made so largely by the magical pen of Sir Walter Scott. Kenilworth Castle was first built by Jeffrey de Clinton in the time of Henry I. Since that time it has had many owners, and most of the originals of the present ruins were erected by John of Gaunt. It was in the hands of the crown when Elizabeth granted it to her favourite, the Earl of

Leicester, who entertained her there in the year 1575 at a fabulous cost. After the Restoration, it passed into the hands of the Earls of Clarendon, who still retain it. The noble banqueting hall, with its exquisite windows, is perhaps the finest part of this magnificent ruin. The town of Kenilworth is extremely uninteresting. It is long and straggling. Just opposite the ruins of Kenilworth Castle stands the "Castle Arms" Inn, where Sir Walter Scott is said to have resided, when writing *Kenilworth*.

Old gossiping Robert Laneham has a great deal to say about the beautiful garden at Kenilworth. The old fellow took a quiet look or two at it. He says it was then over an acre in extent and lay to the north of the stately castle with a ten-foot terrace running around the castle wall. The terrace was "even under foot and fresh with trim grass." It was embellished by a "goodly show of obelisks and spheres, and white bears of stone, raised upon goodly bases." The enclosure was divided into four squares, and all around was covered with redolent herbs and flowers varied in colour and quantity and mixed with fruit trees. Laneham goes on to describe an elaborate aviary where were kept birds from England, France, and Spain and from the Canary Islands.

STONELEIGH ABBEY NEAR LEAMINGTON SEAT OF LORD LEIGH



On the road from Leamington to Kenilworth one passes the superb estate of Stoneleigh Abbey. This is the seat of Baron Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, since dead, I believe. The mansion was built chiefly in the year 1720, but there are some portions of it which are much older. These are the Norman gateways and a portion of the crypt which date back as far as the fourteenth century. The mansion contains many portraits of the Leigh family and of distinguished personages, by Lely, Holbein, and other celebrated painters. The main part of the building is in the Italian style. This beautful mansion is surrounded by a very large and grandly wooded park; some of the beech and oak trees are majestic.

About nine miles to the south of Leamington lies Charlecote Hall, the residence of the Lucy family. It will be remembered that Shakespeare was found poaching on the property of Sir Thomas Lucy and was brought up before that knight. In retaliation, it is said, the poet issued some scurrilous writings which necessitated his departure for London. Sir Thomas Lucy, as the world knows, is satirised as "Justice Shallow" in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. De Quincey discredits the story of Shakespeare, but "Justice Shallow" is undoubtedly Sir Thomas. Charlecote Hall

was built by Sir Thomas Lucy in 1558. It forms three sides of a quadrangle, and the entrance porch is built in the form of the letter E in honour of Queen Elizabeth who visited the hall at that time.

The drive from Leamington to Stratford is extremely beautiful and one that can be highly recommended to the motorist. The road is kept in perfect condition, and while not level, the hills are of such gradual incline as not to cause inconvenience. On these elevations the views of the surrounding country are charming. Glimpses of the Avon are seen as it winds through the valley.

> Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
> The willows, that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
> Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
> Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
> Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
> Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.

Every mile or two quaint little collections of cottages are dotted along the beautiful river's banks. These have a uniform appearance of thrift and prosperity. The climate and nature generally have combined to make them quaint and attractive. The sun shines here, even in the summer months, in a mild good-humoured sort

CHARLECOTE HALL AND GATE HOUSE NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON

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VIEW OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON FROM THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

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of way, never very hot, and the genial rains descend frequently. The result is, naturally, that the vegetable growth is luxuriant. Mosses cling to the cottage walls and the roses scramble unheeded from foundation to roof. The inmates, too, seem happy and contented, with health and good humour depicted on their smiling countenances.

The simple-minded and honest people appear to have accepted the philosophy of the Stoics; to have absolutely excluded the reality of evil from their thoughts and unconsciously followed those beautiful lines of Pope:

> All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
> All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good;
> And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite
> One truth is clear: whatever is, is right.

These hard-working, God-fearing country peasants are apparently without care or worry. Certainly there are no manifest signs of disturbance. Their lives seem to be based on the faith and the assurance that all is well planned in the laws of nature and its process, and will so continue in peace and happiness: man's duty lying in submission and contentment and his comfort resting in the hope of the future. What a lesson most of

us could learn from them. They are a whole community of Mrs. Wiggses. This is a charming part of England and I do not wonder that travellers once having gone there long to return.

I noticed particularly the beautiful verdure in Warwickshire. The trees seem to attain a large growth in a perfectly healthful condition, and at the time of the year I was there, in the early part of June, they were in their prime; they appear to "grow and expand their leaves in the air, glad of the rain, proud of the sun, awake to the winds of heaven." The elm, it seemed to me, is by far the most common tree in Warwickshire, but many fine oaks are interspersed. Most of the old cottages are of oak timber, showing conclusively that in former years oak trees were much more plentiful than they are now. We saw, too, some magnificent specimens of the copper beech and horse chestnut.

A few miles from Leamington is the superb castle of Warwick.

> This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

I can now recollect no castle, which is actually inhabited, that impressed me to such a degree as Warwick. The approach is through a winding

WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE BRIDGE

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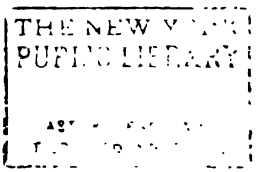
drive, which in some former time has been hewn out of the solid rock. It is depressed some fifteen to twenty feet. At the end of about one hundred and fifty yards the driveway turns sharply to the left, and for the first time the visitor is brought in full view of this historic and princely structure. Its machicolated towers and battlements rise above the loftiest trees. Continuing about an hundred yards one arrives at the old moat, that is now, of course, in disuse, but filled with thousands of rhododendrons which were in full bloom. These presented a sight gorgeous beyond description. The castle entrance is through a barbican which pierces the wing and enters the court. This court is surrounded on three sides by the castle. The north-east side, through which one enters, is in ruins, the crumbling walls being covered with lichens and overgrown with ivy. At one end of the wing is Cæsar's Tower and at the other Guy's Tower, both in ruins. Opposite to this is the south-west wing containing the Hill Tower and Mound. These are still more in a state of decay. The present Earl and Countess occupy the south-east wing which connects the north-east with the south-west portions of the castle. The habitable part of Warwick Castle is about three hundred and fifty feet long and contains famous

paintings, war relics, and historical objects which I cannot discuss here. The court covers about three acres of ground. I noticed strutting about, and perched on the near-by ruined walls, perhaps a score of peacocks. These dignified and beautiful birds seemed peculiarly appropriate in this setting.

The day we visited the castle was a bank holiday and the villagers and tourists flocked there by the hundred. The Earl and Countess were entertaining a house party; about four o'clock they came from the castle and entering two large motors started for a run. It was a rather curious sight to see these cars moving about this ancient pile and it struck us as a sort of anachronism.

There is a romance connected with the castle. It is said that a famous giant, Guy of Warwick, inhabited the castle about a thousand years ago. A record of the feats of strength and valour performed by this redoubtable knight, both in England and in the Holy Land, would fill a volume. Drayton has described these terrific encounters in his *Polyolbion*, which work has somewhere been described as being like a wounded snake that drags its slow length along. There is a story also about the same Guy having killed a monstrous cow, and at Guy Cliffe is exhibited a rib of this animal which measures some six feet, but it is

GUY'S CLIFFE HOUSE, NEAR LEAMINGTON. THE SEAT OF LORD PERCY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doubtful if any professor of paleontology could fit this rib to any kind of cow, fossil or otherwise. Guy's Cliffe House, the traditional home of the giant, is the residence of Lord Percy. It is in the Elizabethan style, and the present structure was built in 1822.

Another point of interest near-by is Guy's Cliffe Mill. Ruskin much admired this old Saxon mill, and David Cox, the artist, spent much time there. One of the principal objects of interest shown at Warwick Castle is the Warwick Vase, which was brought from the Emperor Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, and is considered by experts one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of ancient sculpture known. It was discovered in 1770, by the archæologist, Sir William Hamilton, I believe. The dimensions are as follows: five feet six inches high, five feet eight inches in diameter, and has a capacity of one hundred and sixty-three gallons.

In the town of Warwick, St. Mary's Church is of interest. It was founded by the De Newburghs but rebuilt by Thomas Beauchamp, one of the Earls of Warwick, whose monument is in the choir. Beauchamp Chapel is somewhat over four hundred years old, and stands in the south part of the church. Leicester Hospital was founded in 1571 by Robert Leicester, Earl of

Leicester, as a home for "decayed gentlemen." The west gate was erected by Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Richard II.

We had a delightful excursion by automobile to Stratford. We went through the Shakespeare house and relics very carefully, and afterwards went to Holy Trinity Church and there, among other things, we saw Johnson's unsatisfying bust of the poet. The return to Leamington was made by the road which passes Charlecote Hall and Hampton Lucy.

CHAPTER XIII

Leamington to Oxford

Weather Disagreeable. Roads Greasy and Motor Behaving badly. Banbury. The Cross. Ancient Rhyme. Probable Explanation. Inconvenience of Slippery Roads. We Get out and Push the Car. Non-skid Tires Essential in England. Beautiful Landscape Effect. View of Edgehill Battlefield. This Journey is over Some Short Steep Hills.

WE left Leamington early in the morning. The weather was not pleasant. A drizzling rain and mist set in soon after leaving the hotel, even though the hostess had assured us, when we were leaving, that fine weather was approaching, as the "glass was rising." Hanging at the front door of the larger hotels the traveller usually finds a large barometer. This instrument bears some relationship to the modern gas meter, I imagine, because it can be properly read only by those in charge. I never knew one of those weather prognosticators to promise anything but the loveliest of weather. The barometer's care-

taker has it well trained because when the guests think of departing owing to bad weather he gaily marches up to the instrument and giving it a few hypnotic taps sends the needle to a point where rain and storms are unknown, a region of perpetual sunshine and gentle zephyrs—and yet it does rain once in a while in England despite the "glass." This barometer could no more be depended upon than Landor's countenance, which was generally smiling just before a storm. We followed the Warwick road for a short distance, then turned to the left and headed for Banbury. The surface of the road began to get greasy, and the machine behaved badly. We pulled into Banbury at noon in a driving rain, stopped at the "Red Lion" to get some refreshment, and then pushed on to Oxford.

Banbury is a town of some thirteen thousand people situated on the Cherwell. Of the old castle nothing now is left but the remains of the moat and a portion of the wall. We passed the Cross on the way out of town. This has been recently restored. The old nursery rhyme of a lady riding a "cock horse" to Banbury Cross has puzzled people for centuries as to its probable meaning and origin. Research has developed the following story:

It seems that in the second Edward's reign there lived near Banbury a knight of some renown, called Lord Herbert, who had a son, brave and fearless. Now this son loved a maid who dwelt in Banbury Castle not far away, but he had a rival for the lady's love. A combat was the inevitable result of such a complication in those times, and in the duel which followed the rival was killed and the young Lord Herbert desperately hurt. His lady-love nursed him with great faithfulness and care, but as he did not improve and death was near she lost hope and pined away. The story goes on to say that in the castle was a monk who, noticing the young lady's despondent state, ventured to prescribe a cure, which was that she go to the Cross alone at the midnight hour and perhaps the rash act of the young man would be atoned. She goes there, walks around the cross, and the brave young lover is cured. To celebrate this happy event a festival is ordered, where

Upon a milk-white steed a lady doth appear:
By all she 's welcomed lustily in one tremendous cheer;
With rings of brilliant lustre her fingers are bedecked,
And bells upon her palfry hung to give the whole effect.

A few miles from Banbury is Upton House, the residence of a Mr. A. R. Motion. This house is a characteristic Warwickshire one of two hundred years ago. Upton House is situated about five or six hundred feet above sea-level and it was from here that the King viewed the varying fortunes of the battle of Edgehill which occurred in the autumn of 1642. There is an episode connected with the battle of Edgehill which is interesting and proves the power of concentration in the mind of a really great man: William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was intrusted with the care of the princes during the battle. With all those stirring scenes going on about and the field of battle lying stretched beneath him, the old doctor became, nevertheless, so intently absorbed with his book that a cannon-ball, falling quite near, covered him and his charges with dust without disturbing the old man's thoughts in the least. It is related that even under those perilous conditions the famous physician hardly raised his eyes from his beloved book. Those near him, however, not having the same concentration and being somewhat more interested in the matters at hand, induced Harvey to move to a more sheltered position.

Upton House is worth going to see for its view

alone. A great panorama unfolds itself from that elevation.

After leaving Banbury the weather became worse if possible,—"The glass" still going up but our spirits and the rain coming down. The roads were dangerous, as the brakes would not hold going down-hill. At Deddington there is a steep ascent. Half-way up we met a large waggon coming down. The road being narrow, we were obliged to stop to allow this vehicle to pass. When the chauffeur attempted to start again, we found to our dismay that the incline, together with the slippery surface, was too much for the machine. After several vain trials the children, Lucy, and I were compelled to get out in a pouring rain, and with George and Chan.'s help (they had seen our predicament from the top of the hill) we managed to get the car up. Lucy and I would not have refused any cash offer for the machine at that time. I am glad none was made, however, because that is the only instance that the car has refused a hill, and it was the unfortunate combination of circumstances which caused the trouble.

As I said the day had been rainy and dull with a mist so heavy as to assume the character of fog. Many of the fine views were lost on this

account, the distant hills and valleys being enshrouded in haze. But we had a pleasure in store for us which could not have been realised under different conditions. As we reached the summit of one of the numerous elevations, the sun suddenly burst through a rift in the heavy clouds and shed a luminous shaft of light on a little village, not noticed before, which lay peacefully resting at the foot of the hills. The radiant beam of light first glorified the little church, and gradually grew in ever-widening circumference until the entire village was bathed in its golden light, while the immediate environs still remained enshrouded in mist and semi-gloom. It was a picture not to be forgotten, a sight that Constable would have gazed upon with rapture.

The country from Leamington to Oxford is fine, and the roads good under ordinary conditions. Many grand views of the surrounding country are seen from the more elevated portions of this route, especially in the vicinity of Banbury, where a panorama of great beauty unfolds itself extending over many shires. The run from Leamington to Oxford proved quite a task for the motor, although it must be remembered that the greasy state of the road had much to do with the inconvenience experienced.

While the map is accurate, yet viewing the contour, the motorist does not fully realise how steep some of the short hills prove to be. It is the shortness of the ascents that tends to deceive one. The long steep climbs or even moderate gradients stand out quite prominently in the contour, but the short ascents, owing to the small scale on which the map is drawn, are apt to appear of an easier grade than they are in reality.

It seems appropriate here again strongly to advise motorists contemplating a trip in England to equip their car with non-skid tires or tire chains on the rear wheels. The road surfaces in England, owing to frequent rains, are often in a greasy, slippery state, which not only renders motoring difficult, but under certain conditions even dangerous.

We arrived at Oxford in the afternoon, all the party glad to get to the "Randolph" once more, where we hoped to break our fast.

CHAPTER XIV

Oxford to Bath

Cumnor. Faringdon. Thomas Hughes's Description of the Locality. Swindon. Chippenham. Charming Views. The English Landscape. Superiority of English Embellishments of Landscape over American. Lowell on this Subject. Corsham. Box Hill. Bath. Carlyle, Macaulay, and Landor's Praise of Bath. Fanny Burney's Visit to Bath. Her Remarks on the City. Horace Walpole's Unflattering Reference to the Famous Watering-place.

WE stayed over night at Oxford and got an early start next morning.

The first point of interest along the route is Cumnor, which lies not far from Oxford and just a little off the road to Faringdon and which Scott speaks of as being "pleasantly built on a hill." It was at Cumnor that Amy Robsart met her death at the strangler's hands. *Cumnor Hall* was a ballad by Mickle and formed the groundwork of Scott's novel *Kenilworth*. Scott first called his novel *Cumnor Hall* but was persuaded by his publisher, Archibald Constable, to change it.

We arrived at Faringdon, which is about seven-

teen miles from Oxford, at ten-thirty. It was once the residence of the Saxon kings. Thomas Hughes says in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, speaking of this neighbourhood and the White Horse Hill:

> If you love English scenery, and have a few hours to spare, you can't do better the next time you pass, than stop at the Faringdon Road or Shrivenham Station, and make your way to that highest point. And those who care for the vague old stories that haunt countrysides, all about England, will not, if they are wise, be content with only a few hours' stay, for glorious as the view is, the neighbourhood is yet more interesting for its relics of bygone times.

From Faringdon we had two roads to choose for Swindon, eleven miles away. Swindon was reached shortly after eleven o'clock. From Swindon to Chippenham is twenty miles, through a beautiful country with perfect roads. We arrived at the latter place at one o'clock, and stopped at the "Angel" Hotel for some refreshments. What was served to us was far from being ambrosia.

It is about fourteen miles from Chippenham to Bath, and the party agreed, after we returned to America and talked over the trip, that these miles went through the loveliest and most typically English scenery which we saw during the entire journey.

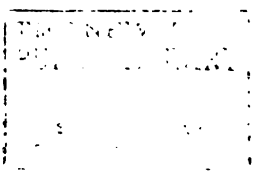
The day was one of those perfect examples, which I have described in another portion of this record. England seems to hold these lovely days in store to recompense her people for the rainy periods. Spring-time in England! This is the season to enjoy the rural charms of that lovely country. To those who have been there, at that time, with blossoms everywhere, there is a wealth of beauty concentrated in those few words. Having witnessed it, who will forget its fairy tints? This is the season of nature's wedding and the nuptials are heralded by the flowers. The land is in bridal attire and the birds have donned their wedding dress; fruit trees show in gorgeous masses of colour here and there, like Brobdingnagian bouquets. The birds are busy and joyous with their new homes, and singing in the manner one never hears except during nidification. The bees fly straight as rifle bullets to and from their work. There is an intoxication in the balmy air, which is infectious—every living thing feels it and joy is epidemic. What a pleasure to glide along the perfect roads with these surroundings! Our way often lay through valleys smothered in blossom and the air steeped in perfume.

The English landscape has a charm of its own, a uniqueness and tranquil loveliness found only

there. This is, I think, probably due to the unity of parts which blend so harmoniously everywhere. The topography of the country is very much the same. The hills seldom rise above ten or twelve hundred feet and will hardly average half that, but they are adorned in their own manner both by nature and man. The little villages are clustered in the combes or on the summits of these hills, or again on their sides. The little church, with its spire lifted above the surrounding trees is always seen, and the cottages are nestled about it. The farms lie between the villages and are uniformly well kept and the buildings placed as though an artist had managed the matter. Topographically America far excels England. Nature with us is in a broader, more sublime mood. But let us confess cheerfully that as regards the ornamentation of the landscape, America suffers greatly by comparison. The farms, villages, roads, in England are component parts of the whole and lend beauty and pleasing effects to the general landscape. With the exception of purely manufacturing towns, one seldom, if ever, sees a collection of buildings, whether large or small, which does not by the charm of its setting enhance the view and add a new interest and a pleasing variety to the scene.

I need hardly say that unfortunately this is not the case in our country. How often have we seen some lovely view or vista positively marred by the sight of an American village, with its main street bordered by all sorts and varieties of one- and two-story buildings of both brick and frame each striving with its neighbour to fall to the very nadir of fine domestic architecture. This main street is usually intersected at right angles by other smaller ones and along the latter are dwellings in motley, placed but a few feet from the sidewalks and generally without trees or grass to enliven the surroundings. I do not mean to say that this dismal description applies to all our towns or villages, for there are many, especially in New England, which are lovely and may be compared favourably with those in the old country, but these are the exceptions. And again let us gracefully admit our great inferiority in the matter of picturesque farms and farm buildings. In England each is a picture in itself; a scene which abounds in picturesque and poetic feeling. The little farmhouse of stone or cob is frequently snugly nestled between two noble elms or oaks, or even amidst more numerous trees. The walls are often of a soft buff colour, not unlike Caen stone, which blends

"BOWOOD" ESTATE OF MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE SHOWING
THE ITALIAN GARDENS



well with the surrounding verdure. Upon these walls grow a profusion of roses of various colours. The outbuildings are no less happily grouped, and the same sense of serene domesticity is felt there too. The hedges, the fields, and all the appurtenances are in perfect order and accord. And as Lowell has somewhere said:

"Even the landscape sometimes bewitches us by this glamour of a human past, and the green pastures and golden slopes of England are sweeter both to the outward and to the inward eye, that the hand of man has immemorially cared for and caressed them."

Close by Chippenham is Bowood, the home of the Marquis of Lansdowne. This is among the most notable of all the houses of Wiltshire. Part of the house is said to be an imitation of Diocletian's palace at Spalato. The house contains pictures by the most celebrated artists of the Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, and English schools. There is a magnificent Rembrandt there which hangs in the hall. Sir Joshua is represented by the famous *Strawberry Girl*, which is supposed to be an imaginary likeness of Dr. Johnson in infancy. Can any one imagine the old Doctor ever looking like a strawberry girl?

About three miles away, near the village of

Corsham, is Corsham Court, the residence of Lord Methuen who played such a prominent, if not successful, part in the recent Boer war. This mansion also contains a remarkable collection of some two hundred oil paintings by celebrated masters. Both of the above-mentioned places are typical English estates of the highest order.

Five miles from Chippenham we commenced the descent of Box Hill. The view from the summit of this hill is really grand. We got lost in Bath and had some difficulty in locating the hotel, and I may here mention that this was no exception to the rule, for we invariably got lost entering a town of any considerable size, and much time was usually consumed in inquiring our way to the different hotels. We finally arrived at the Empire Hotel, in the early afternoon. George and his party in the English car beat us in, and the porter was about to help them to descend, when our motor, which had a more imposing appearance, came up. The porter left George and came to our aid. My old friend was not very much pleased, but I have omitted his private opinion of the man, which he afterwards frankly expressed to me.

Bath is the chief town of Somerset, and is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. It rains

CORSHAM COURT SEAT OF LORD METHUEN

considerably in this locality. "The hills are just about of that inconvenient height, which keeps catching clouds and compelling them to squeeze out their moisture upon the included valley." Topographically, it reminds one somewhat of Carlsbad. Many of the buildings are handsome and are constructed of Bath stone. The Abbey Church dates from Henry VII., and from its great number of windows is sometimes called the "Lantern of England." It was rebuilt entirely by Bishop Oliver King at the end of the fifteenth century. Like Jacob of old this Bishop had a dream of a ladder reaching from heaven to earth, with angels ascending and descending, and he thought he heard a voice saying, "Let an Oliver establish the crown, and the king build the church." On the front of Bathminster are represented two ladders carved in stone which lead from the ground to the towers. These are supposed to represent Jacob's Ladder. On the rungs of these are seen what were formerly, I suppose, the figures of angels, but the ravages of time and the corroding influences of the elements have reduced these figures to a shapeless mass.

The remains of the Roman baths, supposed to have been founded by Claudius, are extremely interesting and instructive. Bath is indebted to

John Wood and his son for much of its architectural beauty. The choicest portions of the city are Queen's Square, The Circus, and the Royal Crescent. For fifty years Beau Nash held sway here as master of ceremonies, and many are the anecdotes related showing the power and influence which he had in Bath at the height of his career. There is a witty epigram, I think by Jane Brereton on seeing a full-length portrait of Nash placed between the busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Pope.

> The picture, placed the busts between,
> Adds to the thought much strength;
> Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
> But Folly 's at full length.

About the time that Nash came to Bath the town had much deteriorated, and it was mainly due to the indefatigable exertions of this man that it became one of the most celebrated and gay watering-places in England. Goldsmith's entertaining life of Nash gives a good insight into the gaieties, frivolities, and diversions of the period. In the eighteenth century Bath was the mecca of many of the literary men of eminence in England. Among others may be mentioned Burke, Chatham, Pitt, Fielding, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Smollett, Southey, Shelley, Wordsworth, Cowper, Scott, and Landor.

A GENERAL VIEW OF BATH, SHOWING THE ABBEY CHURCH

Carlyle said that Bath was "decidedly the prettiest town in all England." Macaulay spoke of it as "that beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio," and Walter Savage Landor made the rather sweeping assertion "that after Florence, Bath was the only place in which one could live."

In 1780 (at Sir Philip Clerke's recommendation) Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale took lodgings upon the South Parade on the left corner. Fanny Burney after praising the city in a letter describes the houses as elegant, " the streets beautiful, the prospects enchanting." Speaking later about the house on the South Parade (where, by the way, Smollett's "Matthew Bramble" lived) she says: "It was most deliciously situated; we have meadows, hills, Prior Park, 'the soft flowing Avon'—whatever nature has to offer, I think, always in our view."

But on the contrary Horace Walpole does not seem to have a great admiration for Bath and its frivolities, for, writing in 1766, he says: "These watering-places that mimic a capital, and add vulgarisms and familiarities of their own, seem to me like Abigails in cast gowns, and I am not young enough to take up with either."

Beckford, the eccentric but gifted author of

Vathek, (called in *Childe Harold* "England's wealthiest son,") after having misspent a life and a fabulous fortune, finally settled here and died. Being tired of rearing ridiculous wooden towers he eventually built a normal one of stone on Lansdowne Hill where his remains are laid. The grounds which surround the tower were given, by his daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, to the city of Bath as a public cemetery.

Bath contains about fifty thousand inhabitants and is situated in the valley of the Avon, and perhaps stands unrivalled among all English provincial towns for its historic and social interest. It is surrounded with "downs,"—softly rounded hills, the tops of which afford charming views. The most important of these hills are Lansdowne, eight hundred feet high, which lies a mile or so to the north; and Claverton and Coombe Down, which lie about the same distance to the south.

The "Empire Hotel" is excellent, both as regards food and accommodations, in fact, I think it is about the best hotel that we found on the trip. Here Chan. was not obliged to have, as he expressed it, a "*Bain en casserole*" but had a good-sized modern tub.

CHAPTER XV

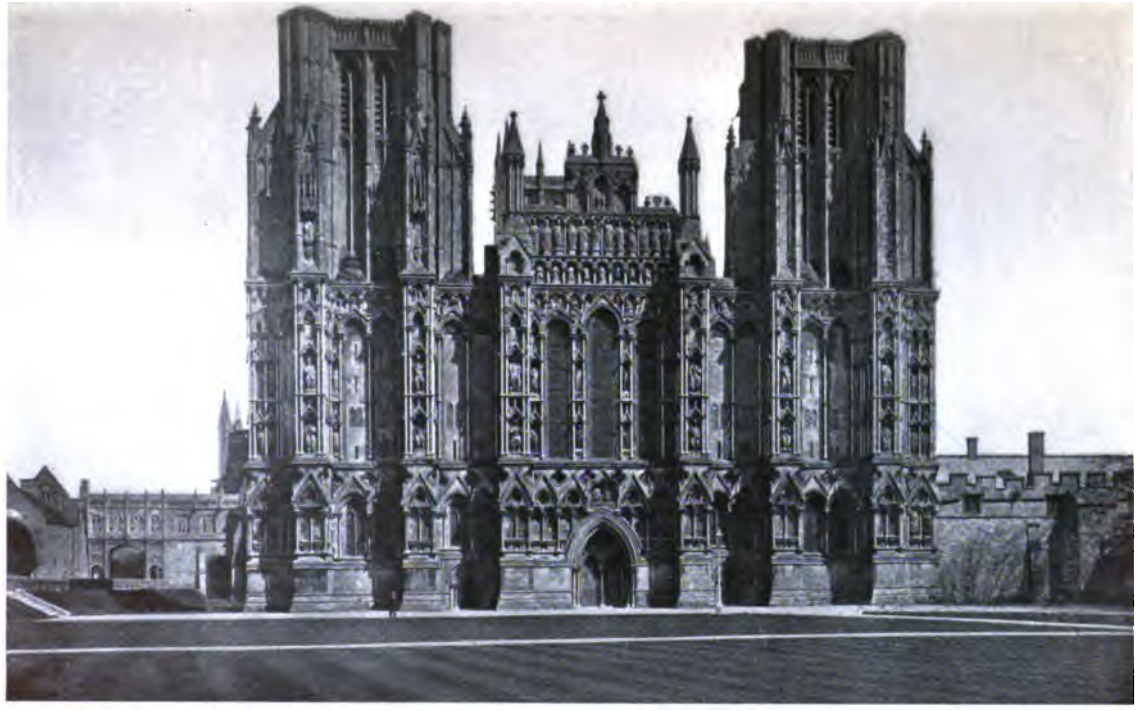
Bath to Taunton

Fine Views from the Mendip Hills. Wells. The Cathedral. Freeman's Comment on Wells Cathedral. Curious Clock. Fine Roads of Comparatively Recent Origin. Glastonbury. Its ruined Abbey and Church. The Remarkable Thorn-bush. Withering's Description of it. Dr. Brewer on Abnormal Trees. The Somerset Dialect. Street. Fielding's Birthplace. The River Parret. The Royalists Defeated near Langport. The Topography mostly Uninteresting. We are Taken for the "Wild West Show."

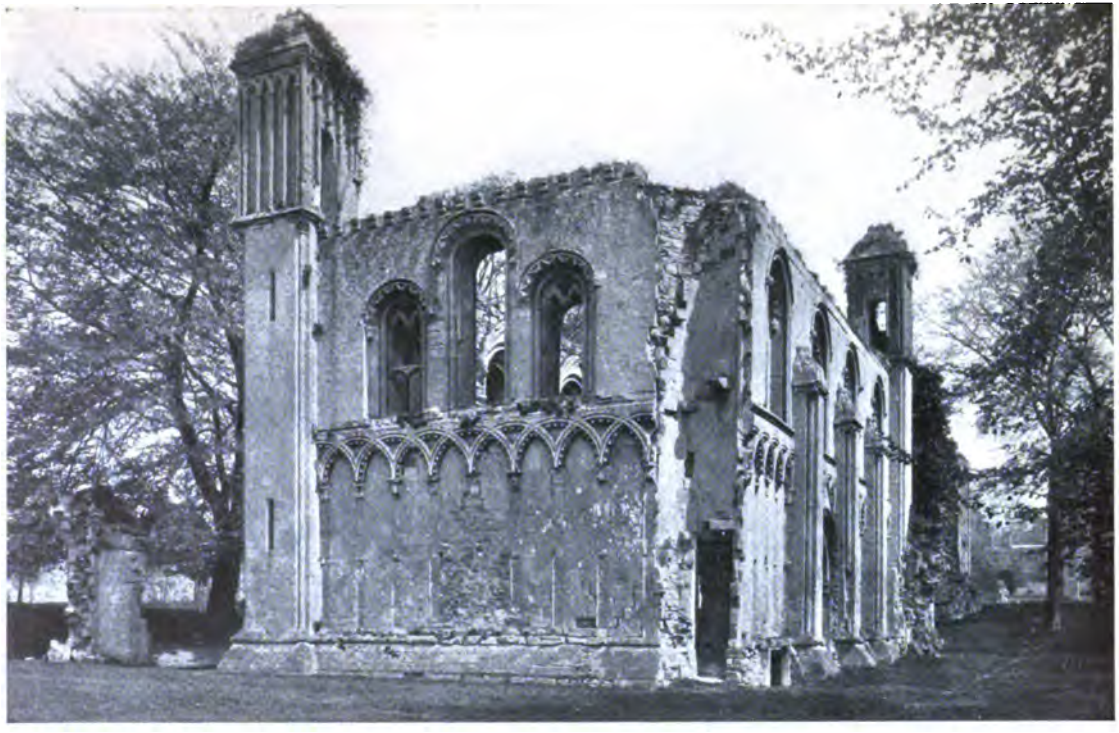
NEXT morning we left for Taunton in a drizzling rain. The road from Bath to Taunton is a gradual ascent until within a few miles of Wells. Bath is practically at sea-level, and at Green Ore, which is some seventeen miles from there, one finds one's self at an elevation of some nine hundred feet, in the very heart of the Mendip Hills. From Green Ore the road descends in a somewhat dangerous grade for motors into Wells, which is about three miles farther on, and also at sea-level. The approach to Wells is beautiful, the views from the Mendip Hills being very fine.

The history of Wells is the history of the cathedral. The two are inseparable. I believe I like the cathedral better than any I saw in England, but I can give no logical reason why. I can only say that when I subsequently saw others my mind reverted to Wells and my heart remained true to it. "I can honestly say," said the late Mr. Freeman, "that I know of no architectural group which surpasses the harmony and variety of Wells Cathedral." The present church was dedicated about 1239. The west front is richly ornamented with beautifully carved images, and is a masterpiece of art unsurpassed anywhere. The famous inverted arches were built in the fourteenth century to support the towers, which were giving away. One of the most curious things in the cathedral is an old clock which has a large dial showing the day, date, and phases of the moon. At the stroke of the hour a small group of horsemen appear at the top and engage in a tilting match, the result of which seemed to be very unfair, as one poor fellow gets all the knocks.

We have always joked Chan. about his inability to be punctual and promptly on time and it was here that he got even with us. After looking at the very one-sided tilting match, Chan. turned and said, "Now you see what one gets for being



THE FRONT VIEW OF WELLS CATHEDRAL



RUINS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, GLASTONBURY ABBEY

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so very much on time; if that idiot was n't so anxious to get out promptly at the stroke of the hour, he would n't get hammered so."

The architectural effect of the church is heightened by a placid pool which mirrors the cathedral. The palace gardens near-by are accounted the loveliest in Europe.

From Wells to Taunton, which is about thirty miles, the road is quite level, and in consequence not beautiful, but full of historic interest. As we passed Glastonbury it was raining in torrents. It has been imagined that the fine roads in England are things of long standing but a century ago they must have been in quite a different state, at least in this part of the country, for a gentleman in 1780 living in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, wishing to journey by carriage to Old Sarum, gave instructions to his footman to carry an axe to cut off the branches of trees bordering the highway and which obstructed the way.

The abbey which made Glastonbury famous is in ruins, and the remains of the vast church, which was nearly six hundred feet long, are very scanty and meagre. A remarkable thorn-bush grew for many centuries on Wirrall Hill. They say this tree blossomed on Christmas day. There

is a somewhat mystical tradition as to the origin of this thorn and why the church was built near it, but it is not necessary here to relate that story. The original tree has, of course, long since gone, but it left many descendants, and Withering describes it as a distinct variety of the common thorn which blossoms twice each year, once at the normal period in May and again in winter about Christmas time. Rev. Dr. Brewer, in his *Dictionary of Miracles*, relates several instances of trees blossoming twice a year. These unnatural occurrences in our time have an explanation and are easily understood. The study of botany and of the chemistry of the soil has cleared away these apparent mysteries, but it is not difficult to comprehend how, in an age of great religious activity, when everything not understood was immediately supposed to be of divine origin, so many, what now appear absurd, traditions, and miraculous events, were fully and sincerely believed.

At Street, some few miles from Glastonbury, I was in doubt as to my road, and seeing several urchins playing in the street, I asked my way to Greinton (which leads to Taunton). The lads did not in the least understand me but stared at me in a cretinous sort of way, and I finally spelled the word. They then uttered something which

sounded like anything but Greinton, but I gathered from their gestures that I was going in the right direction. The Somerset dialect is curious. They mix up their personal pronouns in marvellous ways. Here is a sample of an epitaph:

> As us am, so must you be;
> Therefore, prepare to follow we.

Street is a scattered collection of houses, and its name serves to remind one that it is situated on the old Roman Road. The quarries are very prolific in fossils. Near the village is the birthplace of Fielding. The house where he was born in 1707 still stands in Sharpham Park. After leaving Greinton, which is a few miles south of Street, the Sedgemoor is entered, with the Polden Hills in the distance. Not far on we crossed the Parret. On this river near Langport the Royalists under Lord Goring were ignominiously defeated in 1645, and the King's troops never made a stand afterwards.

The character of the scenery from Wells to Taunton varies greatly. Certain portions are well wooded, others of a flat and marshy nature, and others again are broken into hills and valleys. The flat portions are singularly dull and monotonous, dotted here and there by pollard willows and poplars. The soil in these places seems to be of an

alluvial nature, and I am at a loss to account for the meagreness and lack of vegetation.

It was here on this stage of our journey, when we had stopped for a minute to pay a toll, that a peasant politely inquired if the party formed part of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which was exhibiting in the vicinity. I shall never forget the howl of indignant "No's" that came from the girls. It was uncomplimentary though, especially as Maud and Ethel had on their new seven-guinea mackintoshes which had been the cause of so many solemn consultations.

CHAPTER XVI

Taunton to Dunster

Landladies not Truthful at Taunton. Bishop's Lydeard. Combe Florey. No Gasoline at Crowcombe. Price of Gasoline in Williton Highest on Record. Wordsworth. Coleridge. *Ancient Mariner* Written in this Neighbourhood. Miss Wordsworth's Description of the Country. The Quantocks. The Lake Poets More Enjoyable to Middle Age than Swift or Pope. Dunster. Its Rural Character. The Simple Villagers. Luttrell Castle. Its History. The Old Yarn Market. Grinling Gibbons. His Art. Gibbons Introduced to Wren by Evelyn. The Quaint Cottages. Trip to Lynmouth and Lynton. The Sublime Scenery. Exmoor. Shelley and Godwin at Lynmouth. The Old Inn at Dunster. Its Genial and Warm-hearted Proprietors. Cleeve Abbey. Arrangement of Abbey Buildings. The Beauties of Light and Shade on Luttrell Castle. Regret on Leaving Dunster.

THE party drew into Taunton in time for luncheon. We were very much in doubt whether to push on to Dunster, twenty miles farther, or to remain in Taunton over night. The reason for this hesitation was the condition of the roads. We had been journeying through a driving rain, the road surface was slippery, and

we were skidding badly. George had forgotten the nature of the road from Taunton to Dunster. On a level road there is not much danger, but going down-hill is decidedly risky, because while the brakes may be on hard the weight of the car and greasy road will often cause the machine to slip down like a toboggan and at a good pace; and if the way is narrow, and another vehicle is met on a hill, one is absolutely helpless. Under the circumstances, we asked the hotel people how the roads were to Dunster and explained our position. The landladies, not wishing to lose a large party, told us that the roads were dangerous and hilly. They went on to say that the route was over very narrow roads, with deep ditches on both sides. George, Chan., and I thought it might be wiser to remain in Taunton over night, but the girls all voted to push on. The roads turned out to be quite as wide as any we had yet driven over, not especially hilly, and not at all dangerous. This only proved to us that the girls had a much better insight into the female character than we had, because we had been inclined to believe that the landladies were truthful and it was then and there unanimously agreed that all questions relating to female veracity were to be left to the girls for final judgment.

The country from Taunton to Dunster is charming and varied in scenery. Soon after leaving Taunton, the road leads by Bishop's Lydeard with its fine church and beautiful Perpendicular tower. A mile or so farther on, is Combe Florey, where Sydney Smith was rector for many years. There is a memorial window to him in the Church of Saints Peter and Paul. The highway passes in a valley between the Brendon and Quantock Hills. This is indeed rural England at her best.

Going into Crowcombe, the car suddenly came to a full stop, without rhyme or reason. On asking what was wrong, that brilliant chauffeur of mine said that the gasoline had all been consumed. He had forgotten to fill the tank at Taunton. This was too much for words. Lucy afterwards informed me that she was surprised at my calm demeanour; said she was proud of my self-control, and all that, but I have always had a quiet little thought that she was somewhat disappointed that I did n't say a few pointed words to the chauffeur. We managed to borrow a pint of gasoline from the English car, which soon overtook us, and by husbanding it we reached Williton, which is four miles from Crowcombe, but fortunately mostly down grade so that we did not consume much fluid. We found a supply at Williton, but

that shrewd bicycle repairer did not fail to understand our situation exactly; the price of gasoline is higher in that town than in any other place on earth. Without further trouble, we arrived in the evening at the "Luttrell Arms" in Dunster.

Williton was once the home of Sir Reginald Fitzurse, one of the murderers of Thomas À Becket. It has some splendid examples of old thatched cottages.

All this region is full of historic interest and closely identified with literary men. In the year 1797 Wordsworth and his sister lived at Alfoxden House in Holford and at the same time Coleridge had a house in Nether Stowey but three miles away. Coleridge has left these few lines which show his affection for the place:

And now beloved Stowey I behold
Thy church tower, and methinks the four huge elms,
Clust'ring, which mark the mansion of my friends,
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner was written while on a walking tour with Wordsworth and his sister. It was also at a lonesome farmhouse between Porlock and Lynton that Coleridge in 1797 had the vision-dream which resulted in *Kubla Khan.*

COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY WHERE COLERIDGE LIVED IN 1797

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Miss Wordsworth's description of this region is as applicable to-day as when it was written:

> Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys, with small brooks running down them through green meadows, hardly ever intersected with hedgerows, but scattered over with trees. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with fern or bilberries, or oak woods—walks extend for miles over the hilltops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity.

And again, "There is everything here, the sea, woods, wild as fancy ever painted, and William and I, in a wander by ourselves, found out a sequestered waterfall in a dell, formed by steep hills covered with full grown timber trees."

It is peculiar, and the residents of this part of the country somewhat resent the fact, that Wordsworth seldom refers to this region by name in any of his Lyrical Ballads. It seems almost an intentional slight, for the scenery here inspired him with many a fine poetic thought, and some of his loveliest verses are founded on local incidents. Kilve is indeed mentioned in *An Anecdote for Fathers*, and there is another exception or so to the rule, but the very fact that these have to be sought out has the effect of causing this strange omission to stand out more prominently. The beauty of

the Quantocks is indisputable. Their varied scenery was assuredly a source of keen enjoyment to a man of Wordsworth's exquisite feeling and temperament. "Surely," wrote Walter Besant, "Wordsworth might have left some record of his stay, if only to show that he could appreciate other scenery besides the Lakes."

Thus visiting the homes and haunts of Wordsworth, I venture to observe that Wordsworth is the poet of middle and later life as Dickens is the novelist. As I grow older, Wordsworth appeals to me more and more; and also as I grow older an author's life has a direct influence in my enjoyment of his works. This, of course, is illogical, yet true. I have grown weary of "Stella" and "Vanessa." The sad story of their lives distils a bitterness into *The Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*. I appreciate the genius and the brilliant wit, but somehow the bitterness is in my mouth and will not leave. I weary, too, of "Sporus" and "Sappho" and "Lord Fanny." I turn and leave the Grotto at Twickenham and its tainted atmosphere with a feeling of sorrow and oppression and hasten to Rydal and Grasmere and the sweeter, purer air of the English Lakes where the "Cuckoo" and the "Skylark" are singing and I am conscious of "sensations sweet,

felt in the blood, and felt along the heart." Wordsworth is there and his world—Nature.

Southey also is there, studious, conscientious, intrinsically good, and, as Byron said of him, "the only existing entire man of letters." There, too, visiting his beloved Coleridge, is Lamb, tender and self-sacrificing, gay and scintillating, in spite of the constant sorrow which hangs like Damocles's sword above his head. Here then is where I would wish to tarry; here amidst this company. As "the nightingale sings with more prevailing passion that we first heard her from the thickets of a Euripidean chorus," so the English birds seem to swell their notes in gladness and ecstasy, as if knowing that they are understood and welcomed with delight. Nature is here dominant; all is under her gentle sway and I am content.

We remained in Dunster for a week. I doubt if there is, in England, a more lovely and picturesque spot. It is surely conducive to rest and laziness. Even Chan. felt its soothing influence and was able to rest. Dunster is certainly a delightful little hamlet, quaint, old-fashioned, and drowsy. The villagers are quiet, orderly people, simple and honest, living in the past and apparently caring nothing for the outside world.

Here one's motor togs seem strangely out of place, amongst these modern troglodytes. A strange feeling of doing something not quite right creeps over us, as the snorting motor awakes strange echoes in this quiet, sleepy town. We feel as if the machine should be caged in some castle *oubliette*, and that the passengers should don different clothes. Like the villagers, one feels, as one looks about him, as if he were living in a bygone age. The inn, too, where you stay tends to enhance this feeling. Everything is old, everything sombre and mellowed by time. Turn which way you will, nothing new, nothing modern meets the eye. On the left, at the foot of the winding old street, the ancient Elizabethan castle looms up grey and dignified, her sombre battlements appearing above venerable trees coeval with herself. On the right is the wooded ridge of Conygar, crowned by a tower which some former master of the castle erected as a signal point, in the days when invasion came both by land and sea.

Dunster is a village of the past. It lies, snugly resting, in one of the most beautiful parts of quiet, rural England, with its castle, its signal tower, its legends and mediæval associations, unheedful of extraneous affairs and unchanged

THE OLD YARN MARKET AT DUNSTER, TOWER ON RIDGE OF CONYGAR IN DISTANCE

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by modern advancement, like " the last leaf upon the tree in the spring."

The interest in Dunster centres about the castle and I shall therefore give briefly its history. The Saxons gave the name of Hill Tower to the site where the castle now stands, and in the very early times it was a fortress of the west Saxons. The Saxon name for tower was *torre* and their name for stronghold or fortress was *dune*. Reversing these names of *torre dune* you have *dune torre*, which has been corrupted into Dunster. William the Conqueror, in recognition of their services, granted to his leaders and comrades in arms large tracts of lands, and it was in this way that William de Moion acquired Dunster. The castle remained in the hands of the Moions until about the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it passed into the hands of the Luttrells, who still retain it. The oldest part of the castle as it now exists probably dates from about 1250. Recently the castle has been much improved by the present owner. The hall has been enlarged and a lofty tower built on the site of the chapel built in 1720. Prince Charles's room contains a mantel dated 1620. The castle was held by the Royalists in the Civil War and was besieged by the Parliamentary troops under

command of Colonel Blake (afterwards the Admiral), who finally took it and by whom it was partly demolished. The park and grounds are beautiful, the views from the castle hill being of unrivalled loveliness.

The old yarn-market was just in front of our windows. It is octagonal in shape and strongly timbered with oak. It is here that the yarn was sold from which the "Kerseymeres" or "Dunsters" were made and for which the town became noted. Near-by is Grabbist Hill, where the cloth was dried.

The church is a handsome cruciform structure and has one of the most elaborately carved screens that I ever saw. Parts of the screen have been recently repaired and an attempt has been made to imitate the old design of grapevine, which is interwoven throughout its entire length. It does not take a critical examination to detect the inferiority of the new work, though I am told that the most skilled workmen were employed. Certainly woodcarving is not what it was. The end of the seventeenth century in England saw that art at its height, with Grinling Gibbons at its head. No other man has ever equalled him in the delicacy of his floral work and, indeed, all nature subjects. He was in truth an artist whose

"birds seemed to live, foliage to shoot, and flowers to expand beneath your eye."

One can readily see how Evelyn, that true lover of nature, became entranced upon seeing the master at work on those subjects Gibbons so delighted to reproduce, and Evelyn so loved to study. One can understand how Evelyn anxiously brought his friends to view the wonderful work; how he introduced Gibbons to Wren, in short, how he brought fame and fortune to the famous wood-carver.

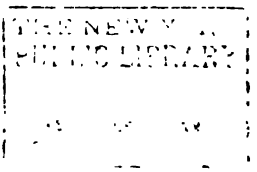
The carvings of Gibbons, throughout England, are in a remarkable state of preservation, which may be partly due to the fact that he used almost exclusively the wood of the lime or linden tree, because it is soft, smooth, light, and, above all, not prone to the attacks of the boring worm.

I ought not to pass through Somersetshire and Devonshire without some notice of those quaint little cottages, which give a distinction to one of the most rural parts of England. These cottages have an air of comfort, a feeling of ever ready hospitality, that lends a cheerful aspect to the surroundings. Architecturally, these creations have no definite form. In general, they follow the contour of the ground without any definite object apparently in view. They seem to scramble in a

rambling sort of way over the ground. Most of them are built of cob, which is a mixture of clay with straw; or sometimes gravel, or gritty stone, trodden down with straw strewn in the mixture. This crude wall is then brought to somewhat of a surface, usually faced with plaster and then whitewashed. The chimneys are of stone and covered with plaster and in some instances that part which rises above the roof line is of brick. To give strength, the walls are frequently buttressed and in some cases they are extremely large at the base and slope gradually to the roof eaves. Where buttresses are not used, the walls are rounded at the angles. The windows are well set in; the sharp edges of the openings in the wall are sometimes given a smooth finish or, in the more carefully built ones, masonry is tailed into the cob wall.

Crowcombe, where we had our little trouble about gasoline, has some charming examples of English cottages. The windows are frequently made of diamond panes, which give to them a very quaint and attractive appearance. The roofs are usually thatched, although I am sorry to say that thatch is gradually being superseded by slate. The danger of fire and the necessity of keeping thatch in constant repair are the chief

OLD THATCHED COTTAGE AT MINEHEAD



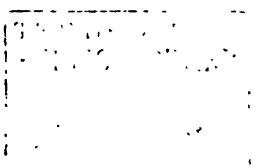
reasons why that picturesque style of roofing is becoming more and more rare, though I think many generations will come and go before it has entirely disappeared.

The general impression in looking at one of these typical English cottages is of slovenliness or gross carelessness. There is absolutely nothing in orderly array. The walls seldom, if ever, look plumb and a window or door is placed just where you do not expect to see one. If you analyse such cottages piecemeal, you find what I have described. If you take them as a whole you find an ineffable charm. The setting has much, I think, to do with this pleasing result. The little buildings seem to be a part of the soil, to spring up, as it were, like a mushroom growth, though not so rapidly, for no one will ever assert that a Somersetshire or Devonshire workman did anything in a hurry. Nature has so enveloped these little moss-grown and ivied habitations in her tender embrace, that they do not look like the work of man, but rather a growth of accretion. The roses and vines hug and caress them at every available angle and nook, and the trees lovingly hang about them as if lending their protection from the elements. That care which seems to have been forgotten during the construction of the house now seems to be

lavishly given to that house's surroundings. The approach, the walks, the fences, the old-fashioned flower-beds, the bit of clipped hedge, all bear the marks of loving and constant care.

A trip to Lynton and Lynmouth (Route No. 791) was suggested for one of the days' outings and we, of course, intended to make the journey by motor. Having mentioned our intention to the proprietor, he most earnestly advised us to abandon any thought of attempting the ride in a motor-car. It seems that but a fortnight before, a gentleman and his wife endeavoured to make the journey from Lynmouth to Porlock by motor. On the Porlock Hill, the brakes gave way and the car and its occupants were hurled, with terrific force, against the enbankment. The owner was instantly killed and his wife was then in a critical condition from the injuries received. We afterwards congratulated ourselves on not going by motor, for the hills are too dangerous to make the journey without great risk. I am speaking, of course, of the motor-cars of that period. As I look back now, I would not hesitate to make the run in a car of the present time with its greater power, improved braking facilities, and general all-round strength. But even at the present day, I would look well to my brakes, see that both

THE SHIP INN AT PORLOCK



foot and emergency were in perfect working order, and test them out immediately before taking the journey. I would also, for such an undertaking, have the car equipped with a sprag, and be sure that I had non-skid tires on the rear wheels.

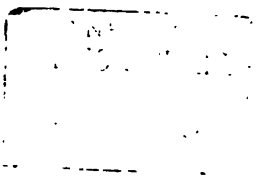
Having given up the idea of motoring, George chartered a coach for the trip. The excursion is grand, and I strongly advise any one visiting England with any time to spare to take it. The scenery is sublime; photographs can give but little idea of the ruggedness and grandeur of that coast. We left early and went by Minehead, with its charming thatched cottages. In Porlock, at the "Ship Inn," our driver added two horses to the four we already had and we started up the worst hill on which I ever saw horses attempt to haul a vehicle. The grade is one in five and the road in many places narrow and winding. It seems to me that no horses, except those bred in that country, could ever have accomplished the task. These animals are not large, but they are closely-coupled, round-barrelled, short-legged, and of heavy bone. They went at their work with energy and determination and I do not remember that the driver once used his whip to urge them to their duty. On gaining the summit, a panorama

opened to our view, grand beyond words. The coast here is of the most forbidding and dangerous character. Great promontories of rock push their way far into the Channel. The sides, in many places, fall sheer a thousand feet, exposing to view their rugged face of solid rock from pinnacle to sea. Between these promontories are little bays and inlets, peaceful and quiet, with pebbly beaches. Far below, at the very foot of the hill, quaint little Porlock looks like a collection of thatched doll-houses, nestled in one corner of a checkerboard of cultivated fields. It revives memories of Southey:

> Porlock, thy verdant vale, so fair to sight,
> Thy lofty hills which fern and furze embrown,
> Thy waters that roll musically down
> Thy woody glens, the traveller with delight
> Recalls to memory.

Near Porlock is the village of Selworthy Green. It is the site of one of the seats of Sir Thomas Acland. There are dotted here and there dainty little cottages, which are occupied by pensioned labourers of the Acland estate. The road now winds over the great Exmoor. Here are the Doone and Oare valleys, the home of Lorna Doone and Jan Ridd. The only vegetable growth visible is the stunted larch and oak, and the ubiquitous

OLD PENSIONERS' COTTAGES AT SELWORTHY GREEN, NEAR MINEHEAD
(From a Pencil Drawing by the Author)



THE ROAD ON EXMOOR FROM PORLOCK TO LYNMOUTH

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furze and bracken. The highest point on Exmoor is Dunkery Beacon which rises some seventeen hundred feet above the sea. The summit was formerly used as a signal point and fires were lighted, in case of war or invasion. Exmoor is famous for its sheep, its ponies, and its red deer. Of the excellence of the mutton I can vouch. Wild red deer exist in no other part of England and the hunting affords great sport. In the season, the inns are crowded with sportsmen from all over England, and indeed from the Continent.

Early in the nineteenth century, a Mr. Knight purchased a large tract of land on Exmoor, some sixty or seventy thousand acres, I believe, and began to reclaim and cultivate it. He planted trees, made roads, and established many farmsteads. The experiment was not a success and the character of the moorland remains practically unchanged. To know Exmoor, said a recent writer, "one must live on it for some time, tramp about it, fish in its waters, and talk to its warm-hearted inhabitants."

After some twelve miles another hill descends from the great Exmoor. This hill is a terrible one also, similar to the one already described. The roadway is cut out of the mountainside and a low wall is all that is between one and Eternity.

The highway here approaches very near the edge; too near for weak nerves. As we looked down from the coach to the sea and beach, lying many hundreds of feet below, it reminded me of the cliffs of Dover as described in *King Lear:*

> How fearful
> And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
> The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
> Appear like mice. . . . I 'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

The descent brings the tourist into Lynmouth, which is considered one of the prettiest villages in England. At Lynmouth is the confluence of the East and West Lyn, two beautiful little streams:

> Cool and clear, cool and clear,
> By shining shingle and foaming weir,
> Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
> And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings.

Shelley took Harriet Westbrook as a bride to Lynton in 1812; his cottage is not far from Waters-meet. On September 19, 1812, Godwin wrote to his wife: "The Shelleys are gone! have

OLD COTTAGES AND LIGHT HOUSE AT LYNMOUTH
(From a Pencil Drawing by the Author)

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SHELLEY'S COTTAGE AT LYNMOUTH

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been gone these three weeks. . . . Since writing the above I have been to the house where Shelley lodged and I bring good news. I saw the woman of the house, and I was delighted with her. She is a good creature, and quite loved the Shelleys. They lived here nine weeks and three days."

We took the inclined railroad at Lynmouth and, ascending some seven or eight hundred feet, alighted at the "Cottage Inn" where luncheon had been ordered. This inn hangs like a martin's nest on the side of the mountain and "the heaven's breath smells wooingly here." Lovely views extend in almost every direction. We returned to Lynmouth and, boarding the coach, reached Dunster in time for dinner. This was a day of constant surprises and enjoyable variations. I don't know that I ever in my life spent twelve pleasanter hours. The scenery is so varied, so beautiful, that nature seems to have been not only in a bountiful but a changeable mood as well, when this part of the country was evolved from chaos.

> The earth was made so various, that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

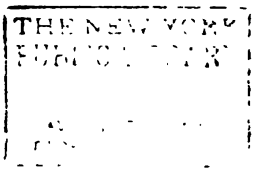
The sublime coast, the beautiful quiet little inlets, the picturesque cottages, the sparkling mountain

streams, the wild moor, altogether make up a day's outing not easily forgotten.

The "Luttrell Arms," where we stayed, was originally a religious house. The oak room is Gothic and dates back four hundred years. The mantel in our sitting-room was of carved stone, and executed in Elizabeth's reign. The inn is charming. The proprietor and his wife certainly do all in their power to make their guests comfortable and happy. As Mr. Evered said to me, "I don't want you and your party to feel that you are at an inn. I want you to feel as if you were visiting old friends, with this advantage, that you may freely say what you want and what you need and not hesitate to tell me what you don't like." Indeed they were like old friends, for George and Maud spent many weeks in this hotel during their honeymoon and the evening we arrived and were shown to our sitting-room, we found a photograph of George and Maud which had been given to Mr. and Mrs. Evered twelve years previously. It was a very pleasant thing to find these warm-hearted and honest people and we all have the kindliest recollections of the old inn and its proprietors.

Shortly after arriving in Dunster, we made a short excursion to Cleeve Abbey. The road is the

THE COTTAGE INN AT LYNTON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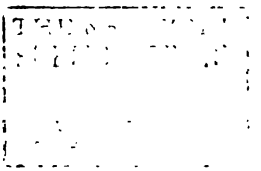
main highway to Taunton, but at Washford a turn at right angles brings one, after three hundred yards, to the abbey gate-house. We were met there by a very feeble old man who informed us that his daughter would show us the ruins if we proceeded. A walk of several hundred feet took us to the abbey. There was some trouble in getting hold of the daughter. After repeated summonses by means of a little bell, a very dishevelled and slatternly woman of some thirty-five years made her appearance. She seemed somewhat out of spirits and, I thought, rather resented our visit. She did, however, show us thoroughly about. The ruined abbey is very old and most interesting. It was founded by the Cistercian monks. The gate-house dates from the thirteenth century and the cloisters and the refectory from the fifteenth century. The old ruins lie sequestered in a locality that in former times was known as *Vallis Florida* or Florey Vale. It may not be amiss, and will perhaps prove of interest to some, to record here how abbeys were usually arranged. First, and of most importance, was the church, which resembled the cathedral of the present day. The great cloister was connected to one side of the nave and had two entrances to the church at the ends of the

aisles of the nave. Over one side of the cloister, was the dormitory of the monks; a long narrow room with partitions making cells, each cell containing the simplest and most elementary kind of articles, such as bed, desk, stool, mat or rug. The dormitory opened into the church, for the use of those who had offices and duties during the night. Attached to the side of the cloister and opposite the church was the refectory where the monks dined, near which was a large room somewhat answering to the common room of a college. Here the monks were permitted, during their leisure moments, to converse. Beyond this room was the kitchen and adjoining it the buttery. On the other side of the cloister, the chapter house was in the centre where the business affairs of the abbey were transacted. Then came the library and treasury where the silver plate was stored, together with the costly ornaments of the church. Separate houses existed for the abbot and others high in authority. On one side of the cloister, and usually opposite the houses just referred to, was an outer court which was entered through the gate-house. Some of the large abbeys, such as Glastonbury, covered with their courts fifty acres or more and were surrounded by a high wall, which included the gardens,

LUTTRELL CASTLE (DUNSTER) FROM THE PARK



stables, and other appurtenances necessary for the proper carrying on of the affairs of the abbey. In the olden days, I imagine, the refectory was the most popular room in the abbey, for the monks were renowned for their gluttony. Henry II. received a complaint from the monks of St. Swithin's, Winchester, against the abbot for depriving them of two or three dishes out of a baker's dozen.

There are many little excursions from Dunster quite as interesting as this one. A charming trip may be made to Nether Stowey and Holford, by following route number 793 to Williton and from there route number 805.

One of my pleasantest diversions, and the one which I regretted most when leaving Dunster, was to watch, from the inn's garden, the wonderful variety of lights which play and dance among the old walls and towers of Luttrell Castle and to note the magical effects of colour and shadow. The old castle glows with a rosy tinge in the morning, as the sun bathes it in its early light, and the long shadows enhance the modelling so exquisitely that it stands in high relief, a lovely touch of colour against the rich, dark foliage of a Somerset landscape. I watch it through the day and see the shadows shorten, as the sun reaches

the meridian. The roseate hue blends into gold and the shadows seem in play at some elfish dance, among the lichen-covered turrets, peeping in and out, in a whirl of ever-quickening motion. Toward evening, in the long twilight of this latitude, the mists, coming from the sea, silently and slowly enshroud the low-lying pastures and imperceptibly creep upon the castle hill. The old structure then stands grim and sombre; its towers bristling and formidable as if ready to repel the attack of this phantom army. At night when I step into the moonlit garden, to take a final farewell of my enchanted castle, lo! I find some fairy's wand, some touch of magic has transmuted the walls and battlements into shimmering silver and all about the moonbeams have raised, in simulation, a primeval sea. The little hamlet lies sleeping at the very foot of the castle hill, secure in the knowledge that its ancient protector, clad in burnished armour, will faithfully keep the long vigils of the night.

In order to leave Dunster, we all had to make an effort to arouse ourselves from a sort of lethargy into which we had fallen. It seemed as though we could contentedly stay there for ever. The all-pervading serenity and tranquillity of the surroundings seemed to have permeated through us,

producing an almost Oriental lassitude and inertia. Had the waters Lethean properties or had we unconsciously been eating of the lotus blossom? The reason for it I know not, but certain it is that we looked for news from the outside world with less eagerness and impatience than hitherto.

CHAPTER XVII

Dunster to Sherborne

Ilminster. Its Beautiful Cruciform Church. Tomb of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, Founders of the College of that Name. Barry Lyndon, of Thackeray Fame, once at Ilminster. Barrington Court. Montacute House. Short Description of it. Yeovil. Lucy's Knowledge of Corvoid Birds Extremely Limited. Sherborne. Digby House not Inviting. Residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. The Abbey. Its Great Bell. Ancient Custom of Ringing Bells. Legend Quoted from Renan. Hawkins's *History of Music*. Walpole his Friend. Matthew Hale a Bell Ringer. The Route Flat. Coaching and its Disadvantages Compared to Motoring. Time Consumed in Coaching in Earlier Periods.

THE party started early in June for Sherborne via Yeovil. Rooms had been engaged, by telegraph, at the Digby House in Sherborne. We left Dunster soon after nine o'clock and arrived at a little before eleven at the London Hotel in Taunton where we had luncheon. After luncheon, we left for Yeovil. The weather, which had been threatening all the forenoon, now turned decidedly wet. The first town, of any

importance, was Ilminster, which is about ten miles from Taunton. The town is situated on the river Ile, from whence it derives its name. Ilminster has one of the finest cruciform churches in England. The north transept contains the tombs of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, the founders of the college of that name, in Oxford. This town once had the honour of a visit from Barry Lyndon, as readers of Thackeray will remember. There, at the "Bell Inn," the genial Barry cracked a bottle with the landlord.

A very few miles from Ilminster, but off the main road, is an old Tudor house called Barrington Court, which was once the pride of the region, but which now presents a sad sight. Time, with his levelling hand, has brought ruin and decay and humbled its proud estate. Only the grand shell remains, but this is wrought with the greatest skill; moulded in the finest form. The old mansion stands in mute appeal for some rejuvenating hand, to once again restore it to its former greatness. Rich would be the reward of him who would renovate this noble structure.

Five miles farther on, we crossed the river Parret, already referred to in the journey from Bath to Taunton. The country in this vicinity is low, flat, and uninteresting, but we found the

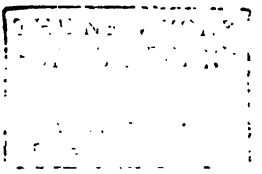
road surfaces smooth and carefully kept. It was about half-past three when we arrived at Montacute. The village of Montacute takes its name from Mons Acutus, being one of two neighbouring pyramidal hills, the other being known as St. Michael. I don't know whether there is a church on the top of this hill or not, but I do know that a church on the top of a hill is almost invariably dedicated to that saint.

The village of Montacute would in all probability never have been known to the general tourist, were it not for the presence of that beautiful edifice known as Montacute House, which was erected by Sir Edward Phelips in Elizabeth's reign. The house is built of Hamhill stone, obtained from the quarries at Hamdon Hill but a short distance away. The plan of the house is in the form of an "H." They were a hospitable people for they put this motto over the entrance:

> Through this wide-opening gate,
> None come too early, none return too late.

We arrived in Yeovil about four o'clock, and, as usual, had to hunt up the "Three Choughs" which took some time as Lucy insisted upon asking the way to the "Three Chews" and nobody knew what she meant. Lucy was quite disap-

MONTACUTE HOUSE NEAR YEOVIL



pointed when she was given the true pronunciation of that corvoid bird, because she thought "Chews" was such an appropriate name for a place where refreshments are served. Yeovil is not interesting. There is a fine church there but I don't remember it. We only stayed long enough to get some refreshments and then pushed on to Sherborne, which is about five miles farther and over the border of Somerset into Dorset. We stopped at the Digby House, a hotel which is very lively in the hunting season, when the hounds meet, and which is remembered by the party as being about the worst we found on the trip; dirty, damp, and cold. It was with a sort of fiendish delight that we noticed, as we drove up, that the barometer in front of the Digby House was broken to pieces. At last we had found a hotel where no discussions could be carried on about the coming of ideal weather. Of course we did not know what had caused the damage. Perhaps its caretaker had given his enchanted taps too vigorously or maybe some recent guest, having been deceived for days, had given it a final salute with his umbrella, as he rushed out through the rain to catch a train to some sunnier clime. We did not in the least care what cause had brought about the welcome sight, we only

knew that we were glad it was so. Imagine our chagrin, on descending for breakfast next morning, at meeting the *maître-d'hôtel*, who politely informed us that a fine day was coming, and led us, bewildered, to a new instrument, which had been installed sometime during the night.

I remember it was at Sherborne that Lucy revealed a great secret to me, a surprise she called it. In the seclusion of our room she informed me that her maid had fallen in love with our chauffeur and that the male idiot (that was her expression) reciprocated. My wife seemed to think that this was an outrageous—yes! those were her words—an outrageous proceeding. I suggested that it was not uncommon for young people to fall in love, but at this platitude Lucy only muttered the word "absurd." She then proceeded to lay all our woes on the love affair. The gasoline episode at Crowcombe, the broken axle at Henley, the placing of a green ribbon on Dorothy's blue dress, the trunks packed with the shoe-buttoner at the bottom, etc., were all accounted for now. Then reversing Pandora's spiteful deed Lucy proceeded to gather the woes from all mankind and concentrate them on one very charming individual—she collected all the evils that had befallen us, packed them in a box, and promptly

SHERBORNE ABBEY

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deposited it on the plump little shoulders of Eros. Any misfortune which happened after that was immediately gathered in and placed in the box, so finally the little chap was well burdened.

Sherborne was the home of that brilliant and unfortunate man Sir Walter Raleigh, whose "fortunes were alike remarkable for enviable success and pitiable reverses." It is one of the oldest religious establishments in England, but the See was removed to Old Sarum in the eleventh century and later to Salisbury. The abbey is really fine and is partly of Norman architecture. Cardinal Wolsey gave a great bell to it which weighs thirty tons. It bears this motto:

By Wolsey's gift I measure time for all;
To mirth, to grief, to church, I serve to call.

It may be of some interest to note here the ancient use of bells and the customs relating to them. Bells, of various size and design, have been known from time immemorial. The Greeks and Romans used them, but generally, if not exclusively, in connection with musical instruments. The introduction of them in the towers of Christian churches was inaugurated about the beginning of the fifth century and is ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola. In the seventh century,

church bells were in quite general use in England. It was usual in olden times to toll these bells when persons were about to expire, in order to announce to the people the fact that some one was dying, so that the neighbours might pray for the soul's salvation. In England bells were formerly supposed to have the power of driving away evil spirits and no malign influence could come within their sound. This is something like the tradition in Scotland, that the rowan tree would drive away evil spells and witches. And having become interested in the mystical part of the uses of and beliefs in bells, I want to record the most beautiful story of all. It is in the preface of Renan's *Recollections of My Youth* and I give it in his own words:

One of the most popular legends in Brittany is that relating to an imaginary town called Is, which is supposed to have been swallowed up by the sea at some unknown time. There are several places along the coast which are pointed out as the site of this imaginary city, and the fishermen have many strange tales to tell of it. According to them, the tips of the spires of the churches may be seen in the hollow of the waves, when the sea is rough, while during a calm the music of their bells, ringing out the hymn appropriate to the day, rises above the waters. I often fancy that I have, at the bottom of my heart, a city of Is with its bells calling to prayer a recalcitrant congrega-

tion. At times I halt to listen to these gentle vibrations, which seem as if they came from immeasurable depths, like voices from another world. Since old age began to steal over me, I have loved, more especially during the repose which summer brings with it, to gather up these distant echoes of a vanished Atlantis.

Hawkins, in his *History of Music* (and by the way Sir John and his daughter were friends of Horace Walpole, who did much in collecting data for this work), says: "The practice of ringing bells in changing or regular peals, is said to be peculiar to England: whence Britain has been termed the 'ringing island.'" The custom of ringing bells goes back to Anglo-Saxon times. There existed in London societies, one of which was called "College Youths," whose duties consisted in ringing the church bells. It is said that Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was at one time a member of one of these societies.

Near the highway from Dunster to Sherborne, there stands a huge willow tree. This tree is in decay and has but a portion of its original form and majesty, for Death has claimed many of its mightiest limbs. The great girth of its half rotten bole proves it to be of considerable age. It stands close by a limpid pool and its pendent

boughs sweep the surface. A gentle breeze stirring these occasionally, disturbs the mirror-like reflection of the placid water. To the ordinary observer there is nothing striking about either the tree or the scene but, as I looked at it, a flood of recollections rushed to my memory for such a tree and its exact surroundings was, in my earliest years, a favourite spot where the gladsome hours were almost daily passed in boyish fantasies; a place that served "to wile each moment with a fresh delight." What magic of association is produced by such sights. Even the unexpected perfume of some particular flower, supposedly long forgotten, revives memories of years ago. Has not the sound of a well-known and familiar song, heard before in the dim and shadowy past, transported all of us with electrical rapidity to other places and scenes, which have for years lain dormant in that wonderful, mystic storehouse, the sub-conscious mind—awaiting the exact touch to start them quivering into life, and awaking thoughts which crowd in quick succession upon our being until we glow with emotion at the tender recollections of those persons and places which are lovingly associated with the past. Surely this pleasant experience has fallen to all, of mature years; it needs but the proper com-

bination to bring such visions vividly before us.

It is said that the great glass dome which adorned Festival Hall at the St. Louis Exposition was shivered when a master pianist struck a certain chord which produced a synthesis of sound. I have been told that as the reverberations of this enchanted chord echoed and swelled in volume a great symphonic tone was heard high in the vast structure, as the harmony was completed. It required this perfect and exact intermingling of tones to cause the unexpected result. The slightest alteration, the most minute variance, an infinitesimal addition to or subtraction from this chord and the dome would have remained as it was—unresponsive and unchanged. May it not be possible that this responsiveness of the dome to a certain and definite union of sounds is somewhat like the effect upon the mind of particular subjects, under certain conditions, which instantly bring into action, by affinity, those latent and subtle faculties of retrospection? No one has yet been able to solve the problem of association. All the philosophy of Aristotle or Aquinas, all the psychology of Hume and Descartes, and the metaphysics of Hobbes or Hartley have failed to reveal the secrets of Association of Ideas.

After all what matters it from whence these delightful reflections come!—their origin and cause remaining in obscurity does not lessen the pleasure we feel and we are happy that they exist without looking for a scientific explanation. May I be pardoned for this long digression? The subject was too vividly in my thoughts to pass unnoticed.

In conclusion, let me say that this run is, on the whole, uninteresting, the country being mostly flat and barren. It is full of historic interest for the pedestrian who has ample time to spend, but for the motorist there is not much to attract. In many of the low and swampy portions of England, there are still to be seen remnants, in various degrees of preservation, of the old Roman roads. These generally run in a more or less direct and straight line. They arrived at their destination by the shortest line and were typical of the Roman people of the time, who seldom tarried or deviated from a course, when the decision was once made. These Roman roads were built substantially and evidently at much expense of time and labour. At the wane of the Roman dominion in England and with the advent of the semi-barbarous and piratical Saxons, different kinds of roads appeared. The Saxons did not go directly to the objective point, but by the easiest and most convenient

way, picking out the dry and more elevated spots; and, in that manner, a trail of many angles and curves was established, and this trail became by the gradual process of evolution the well-kept and macadamised highway of to-day.

As one runs over these smooth and perfectly maintained highways, it is difficult to realise what a change has occurred during the last century not only in the roads themselves, but in the manner of locomotion. The hackney-coach appeared in the first half of the seventeenth century and is erroneously supposed to have taken the name from Hackney, one of the suburbs of London, while in fact it comes from the word "hack," which means to offer any article for sale or hire. In one of Strafford's letters in 1634, he states that one Captain Bailey erected four "hackney-coaches," put his men in livery, and stationed them in the Strand, with orders to carry men to the several parts of town for certain fees. In 1650, one Nicholas Sauvage, in imitation of the hackney-coaches, introduced the *fiacres* in Paris. The days of general coaching, which was attended with much discomfort and trouble, are past; occasionally a coaching tour is indulged in by a private individual for the sport, but these are annually becoming more rare.

The time consumed on the road in the days of coaching may be shown by the fact that the "Exeter Flying Stage" arrived at Dorchester in two days from London and finished its journey to Exeter by the evening of the third day. And again it is stated that the "Fly Coach" from London to Exeter "slept" at a good road-house at Morcomb Lake east of Charmouth the "fifth" night out from London and proceeded next morning to Axminster, where "it" breakfasted and where a woman barber "shaved the coach." This was about 1740. About the year 1760, the nobility and gentry of England, when taking a journey in one of the slow and ponderous coaches of that period, were accustomed to carry with them a travelling larder containing baskets of various condiments and numerous bottles of liquid, such as usquebaugh, black cherry-brandy, cinnamon water, port, sack, or beer. The coaches were protected by a guard who carried a sword, a blunderbuss, a bag of bullets, and a great horn of powder. And there was a good reason, it seems, for the blunderbuss, bullets, and powder-horn, for Horace Walpole, writing in October, 1774, says: "Our roads are so infested by highwaymen that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day." And again in 1781 in a letter to Lady Ossory he tells

of an adventure of his own, where he and a lady were robbed of their purses while on their way to dine with a friend at seven o' clock in the evening.

CHAPTER XVIII

Sherborne to Winchester

Shaftesbury. Its Antiquity. Hindon near-by and Fonthill, Home of Beckford. Road Hilly at Shaftsbury. Wilton House. Inigo Jones and the Palladian School of Architecture. Pope's Satire. Salisbury. The Cathedral. Irving's Beautiful Remarks on the Spire. Salisbury and Wells Cathedrals Compared. Salisbury the Residence of Illustrious Men. Romsey. Kingsley's Comment on the River. "Broadlands," Home of Lord Palmerston. Bancroft's Oration on Lincoln. Winchester. The George Hotel. Carrie Joins the Party. First View of Winchester Cathedral. Jane Austen. Her Tomb in the Cathedral. Macaulay, Goldwin Smith, and John Marshall's High Opinion of her Talents. Isaak Walton Buried in the Cathedral. Lamb's Admiration for the *Compleat Angler*. Canute's Remains Found in 1766. Pagan Customs Continued by the Christians. The Preservation of Bodies.

ON the morning of the next day we left Sherborne. The weather was threatening and the road surfaces, while smooth, were in that greasy state so unpleasant for motoring. The gradients are sharp, though short, until the approach to Shaftesbury, where there is a long and steep hill. On arriving at Shaftesbury we were delayed half an

WILTON HOUSE AND GARDENS NEAR SALISBURY

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hour or so by the English car, due to the overheating of the engine on the hill.

This town is situated on the crest of a hill and is said to be one of the oldest in England, dating from the ninth century. Just a few miles to the north of Shaftesbury lies Hindon, and near-by is "Fonthill Abbey" where Beckford lived like a hermit. An excursion may be made there, if so desired, in a very short time (Route 700). From Shaftesbury we pushed on to Salisbury where we were due at the "White Hart" for luncheon. After leaving Shaftesbury the road became much more hilly and enough rain was falling to make the journey somewhat unpleasant, though not dangerous. The new barometer at the Digby House had already started on its career of prevarication. About three miles before arriving at Salisbury, we passed through the town of Wilton, famous for the manufacture of carpets. Nearby is Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. This is one of the stateliest and most imposing country seats in England.

Many are the fascinations which lead the traveller to Wilton House and many are the alluring associations which draw the visitor entranced through the superb gardens and about that historic house. What tales the old walls might tell,

of the men whom they have sheltered; men who have made world's history in many branches—arms, poetry, art, and literature! O that those old trees might whisper of the scenes of splendour and gaiety enacted beneath their ample boughs! Is it not pleasing to think that probably the gentle Sidney composed parts of his *Arcadia* under the canopy of these venerable monarchs, with his sister urging him to his task?

This sister was the Countess of Pembroke, about whom Jonson wrote this rather flowery epitaph:

> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
> Death, ere thou hast slain another
> Wise, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

How delightful it is, while wandering in those superb gardens, to remember that here Shakespeare and his troupe once performed those incomparable plays before James I. What can be more satisfying than to actually see the art of Holbein portrayed in the lovely garden pavilion and the genius of Jones perpetuated in portions of the mansion? Evelyn was at Wilton House about 1654 and speaks with admiration of it. The holy George Herbert was wont to linger in this princely

estate, when he came from his living at Bemerton, which had been presented to him by Charles I.

The river Wylye runs through a portion of these superb grounds and the Nadder also flows past the southern front of the mansion. The confluence of these streams occurs but a few hundred yards beyond the park. Not far on it skirts Herbert's Rectory at Bemerton in its meanderings. It is said that on the banks of this river, and in this immediate vicinity, Isaak Walton wrote a great part of *The Compleat Angler.*

After old Tom Warton saw Wilton House he composed one of the best things that ever came from his pen. I quote a few lines:

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the crude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing, from the gorgeous tow'rs.

The collection of paintings at Wilton House is celebrated, as are also the arms and armour, which are trophies taken at the battle of St. Quentin in 1557 where the first Earl of Pembroke commanded the English forces.

The house was destroyed in 1648 and re-built by Inigo Jones in the Italian school. The intro-

duction of the Palladian school of architecture was mainly, if not wholly, due to Jones, who is called the English Palladio. He carefully studied that famous architect's methods at Vicenza and his Italian training is plainly visible throughout his work. Like the introduction of nearly all new methods and schools, this style of architecture was carried to an absurd extent. Jones's designs were made with care and studious forethought, in which taste and appropriate accessories were duly considered, but his imitators failed in many of these requisites of successful treatment. The publication by the Earl of Burlington, an amateur architect, of certain designs by Jones, and of the drawings by Palladio of the *Antiquities of Rome*, caused Pope to satirise the prevailing style which Jones had mastered, but which was imitated by numerous, incapable followers:

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
. . . . . .
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPIRE OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

The passion for symmetry and grandeur in dwellings grew so extravagant that the idea of comfort and convenience became a secondary consideration, if considered at all.

'T is very fine,
But where d' ye sleep, or where d' ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling
That 't is a house, but not a dwelling.

And this brings to mind what Lord Chesterfield once said to a friend of his who had built a Palladian mansion in the prevailing style, with a beautiful façade but very few conveniences:

"General, you had better take lodging opposite your new mansion if you like nothing but the front."

It was shortly after noon when we drove into Salisbury. The beautiful spire of the cathedral showed grandly, as we drew near. It is the loftiest in England and the most perfect. Hawthorne describes Salisbury Cathedral as being far more beautiful than that of York and goes on to say that the mighty spire and multitudinous grey pinnacles and towers ascend toward heaven with a kind of natural beauty, not as if man had contrived them. "They might be fancied to have grown up, just as the spires of a tuft of grass do, at the same time that they have a law of

propriety and regularity among themselves." This exquisitely describes the symmetry and natural gracefulness of the exterior, as it first meets the eye. This cathedral is the most typical church in England, if not in the world, and yet it did not please us as Wells did. In symmetry, grace, and perfection, it is without doubt more beautiful but it lacks the rugged dark front of Wells, and the approach. Wells Cathedral is singularly fortunate in its immediate surroundings. It is approached by a wide green level and the visitor may wander about and view this grand front at will; may shift his position and bring new beauties into view. From a purely picturesque standpoint, I suppose this setting of Wells Cathedral must suffer when compared with Salisbury, which is surrounded by a park with magnificent trees, but Wells is more imposing, more central, there being no intermediate objects to distract the eye it demands attention and admiration. Salisbury Cathedral is built in the form of a cardinal's cross, with unequal transepts. It is of pure early English architecture and holds the same high place as compared to the other English cathedrals as the Parthenon holds in Greece.

Massinger, the poet and dramatist, whom

Hazlitt calls "harsh and crabbed," lived in Salisbury, and Addison was also there for a while. It was at Salisbury that Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* first came from the press. It always seemed to me truly remarkable that a man of Goldsmith's mode of living could have produced such a perfect pen picture of domestic life. He spent his days going about from cheap attic lodgings to coffee-houses and clubs, yet he, a bachelor, has given to the world an unrivalled picture of marital felicity.

From Salisbury the motorist has two routes by which to reach Winchester. We were advised to take the one through Romsey instead of going by Stockbridge, the road being in better condition and altogether more interesting.

We left Salisbury in the afternoon and headed for Winchester. The hills on this last stage are slight, until near Winchester, where they become somewhat more steep. I noticed, too, that the road surface was not very good compared to many other places, still it would be called excellent in America. The country is lovely, but unfortunately the views were marred that day by foggy, rainy weather.

About fifteen miles from Salisbury we came in sight of the town of Romsey.

Romsey in the mud,
  Southampton on the stones,
Winchester eats the meat,
  Andover picks the bones.

Why this old verse was written I, of course, do not know. Certainly it is a libel on Romsey now, because no mud abounds there. On the contrary, it is a very clean and well-kept town. We crossed a lovely stream and I supposed it was the Test, which surmise afterwards proved correct. Charles Kingsley speaks of it as rising clear and pure, out of Overton Pool. As we crossed the bridge we came in view of "Broadlands," the mansion with an ideal setting of trees and the lawns sweeping to the river's bank. The house is in a sort of classic style though I should say far from pure. As is well-known, "Broadlands" was the home of Lord Palmerston, the great Premier, who died in 1865. George Bancroft, the historian, in his memorial address on the life and character of Lincoln, has drawn a comparison between Palmerston and Lincoln, which is worth reading. I do not quote from it as I have many English friends.

The abbey dates back a thousand years, and is sadly in need of repair, though much has been done in the past fifty years toward restoring it.

"BROADLANDS," NEAR ROMSEY, ONCE THE HOME OF LORD PALMERSTON

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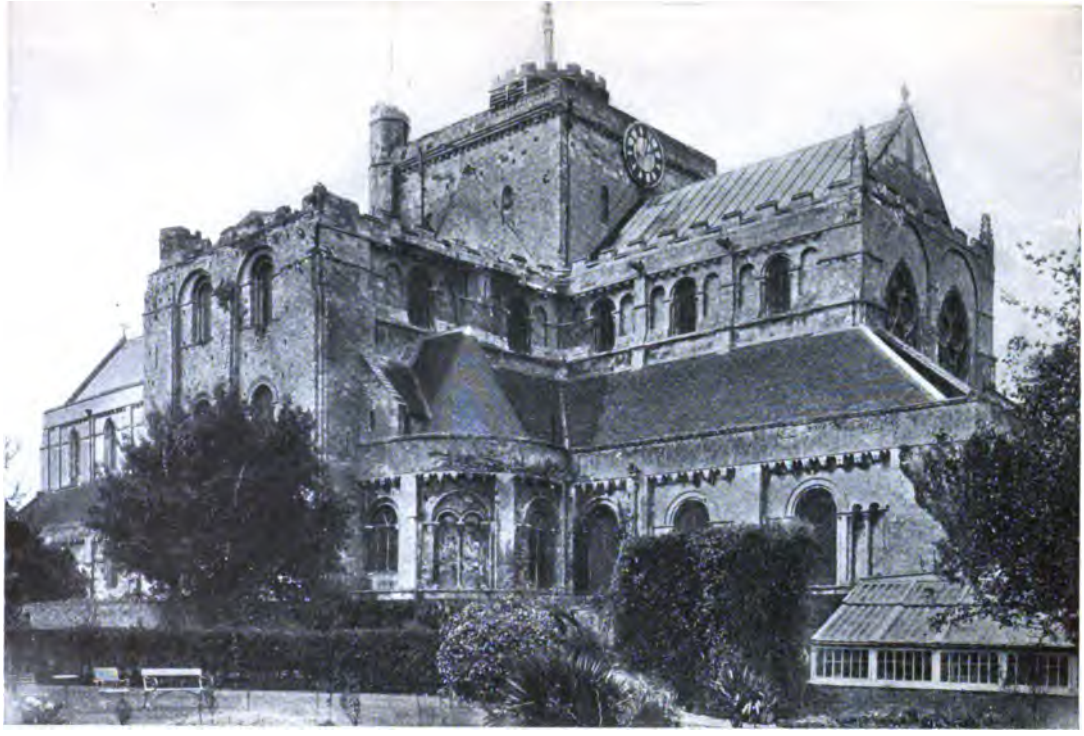

ROMSEY ABBEY

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It is of Norman architecture, at least most of it, and in general resembles Winchester. The city of Romsey is delightfully situated, embowered in trees, with the pretty river meandering near it. We stayed there just long enough to view the abbey, although there was plenty of interest to have kept us had our itinerary been differently arranged. Carrie was due in Winchester that afternoon, and we naturally wanted to be there, when she arrived, to welcome her.

We passed near a magnificent estate. The grounds were laid out with taste and skill but one could readily see that Time, with its softening influence, had been the chief artist. These grand pleasure grounds are the product of no one man's genius; the result of no single generation. The law of primogeniture not infrequently worked great hardships in England, yet as an incentive to the beautifying of large country estates, it had its advantages. The pride of lineage and aristocratic ancestry is so inextricably interwoven in the English character, that it forms a part of their being, and it is this pride that is the very basis of those superb estates of which England is so justly proud. The transmitting of estates from father to eldest son carried with it a desire, nay, a duty, on the part of each

successive heir to enhance the beauty of the ancestral domain. He had received a great deal from the father and would endeavour to leave more to the son. Each added improvements, planted trees, some indigenous, others exotic, but, whatever his taste, he left his individual imprint upon the whole. In the fine old estates in England to-day one may easily discern the influence of the different schools of landscape gardening. The formal gardens, with their clipped hedges, topiary work, and geometrical lines plainly show the French ideas of the seventeenth century. The French copied from the Italian, the latter from the Romans; for Pliny, the elder, tells us that Matius was the first to clip hedges, and that was in Nero's time.

Le Notre was at the head of this school and the stupendous work at Fontainbleau is a monument to his genius. Evelyn had much to do with the introduction of this style into England. Few persons had the foundation and the means that produced the incomparable results which Le Notre achieved, and yet every owner of an estate wanted a Fontainebleau, with the inevitable result that a fair proportion of the estates of England were transformed into miniature Versailles or Fontainebleaux, with but little success.

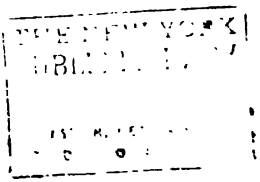
Following this came the reaction, and our friend "Capability" Brown came along and swept most of the French school away, although he left bits of it in certain places. The next turn of the wheel of fancy brings us to the picturesque style and shows the result of the vigorous attacks on Brown's methods by Price, Mason, Knight and others. These gentlemen, in their enthusiasm, did not wade in but jumped in over their heads and carried the tangled wild-wood, boulders, and rushing cascades to the very threshold of the mansion. Then came that normal and truly artistic landscape architect Humphrey Repton, who took nature for a model. He followed an eclectic course,—found good in Le Notre, found beauties in Brown, and artistic results in the devotees of the picturesque. He used all these in his operations with sense and judgment and generally succeeded in producing a pleasing result. But as I stated, it is to old Father Time that the credit is chiefly due. As the years passed mistakes were seen by the successive owners and rectified; as the trees and shrubs developed those unfortunately located were removed and others properly placed until at last a composite picture matured. The Greek pergola adorned in perfect taste a portion of the pleasure grounds,

where Le Notre's school dominated. The vast stretches of Brown's lawns were embellished with the natural grouping of Repton's good taste; and the lover of the picturesque found his ideas also carried out in yet another portion of the grounds.

The ornamental gardens of to-day in England are greatly the result of chance. The different parts have fallen into an unexpected and beautiful whole. It is as in some exquisite piece of tapestry, which passes through a succession of hands, each adding that small portion for which he is eminently fitted, until at last the fabric is evolved, the masterpiece complete, a delicacy of design, beauty of texture, and harmony of colour secured which would have been unattainable by any one hand, no matter how skilful.

Arriving at Winchester soon after four o'clock, we went immediately to the "George Hotel," where accommodations had been previously engaged. This is a good house, clean, well kept, and with an excellent table. What was formerly an old court has been changed into an attractive winter garden, decorated with hanging baskets of flowers. Tables are set here and the tea-habit is always in evidence. Our friend Carrie, from Eastbourne, joined us at six o'clock and we were

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL



indeed glad to welcome her to our party. She was with us for two weeks and proved a charming companion for this kind of trip, ready at all times to do anything, always cheerful and happy, always patient. Punctured tires, heated motor, breakdowns, uncomfortable quarters, annoying delays, were met with a smile and made lighter by a joke.

The next morning was devoted to the cathedral and the school. The effect, on first viewing Winchester Cathedral, with its enormous length of roof, massive truncated tower, is that of heaviness and this is especially so just after viewing Salisbury with its airy, graceful lines and the archetype of spires, but a more intimate acquaintance with the cathedral reveals many hidden charms not seen at first. The nave is the most imposing I have seen in England. The choir and Lady Chapel are extremely beautiful. Winchester has the greatest total length (five hundred and sixty feet) of any medieval cathedral in Europe. The architecture is mixed. The transepts are Norman, as is the massive central tower, and other portions represent the rise and progress of the pointed style. In this church is a "school of architecture" by reason of its variety of styles, from Norman to Perpendicular. The

name of William of Wykeham is as inextricably interwoven in the history of this cathedral as it is with New College, Oxford, Windsor Castle, and Winchester School. The more I travel, the more I am impressed with the genius, energy, and versatility of Wykeham. He has left an indelible mark on England.

We found nothing of great interest about the school. On the way back we visited the house in which Jane Austen died. Macaulay admired her novels perhaps more than any in the language and says she approaches nearer Shakespeare than any other English writer, in drawing character. Our own great judge—John Marshall—had the highest opinion of her talents. Goldwin Smith describes her as "that female Shakespeare in miniature, Jane Austen . . . rests among princes and princely prelates in that glorious and historic fane. But she deserves, at least, her slab of black marble in the pavement there."

The remains of Isaak Walton are also buried in the cathedral. Charles Lamb in a letter to Coleridge speaking of the *Compleat Angler* says: "It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart."

It is said that in the summer of 1766 some workmen who were repairing the cathedral dis-

covered a kind of monument, which afterwards was found to contain the remains of Canute. The body was in a remarkable state of preservation, the flesh being quite fresh, with but little evidence of decay. On the finger was a ring set with a large and fine stone, and in one of the hands was a silver penny intended undoubtedly as ferriage for Charon. It is strange how these pagan customs have come down to us. The Greeks used to place a coin under the tongue of the deceased, to pay the grim old Elysian ferryman and the departed soul would thereby be safely transported across the Styx and Acheron. The Greeks took the custom from the Egyptians and the Christians have followed along in line. Many instances of singular preservation of bodies are on record, notably that of William the Conqueror, whose remains were found entire and in perfect condition after having lain in the Church of St. Stephen at Caen for nearly five centuries. Holinshed in his *Chronicle* records other extraordinary cases of remarkable preservations.

We enjoyed Winchester immensely and could easily have spent another day in the cathedral, but unhappily our schedule prevented further delay.

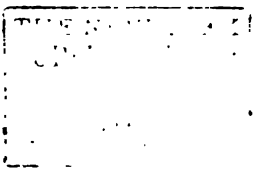
CHAPTER XIX

Winchester to Brighton

Petersfield. Selborne. Home of Gilbert White. John Burroughs's visit to Selborne. *The Natural History of Selborne*. Its Enduring Charm. Lowell's Opinion of the *Natural History* and the *Compleat Angler*. The chalk Cliffs. The Building of *Globigerinæ*. Beautiful Sunset. Brighton. Dr. Russell the First to Give an Impetus to the Place. Horace Walpole and Fanny Burney at Brighton. Prince of Wales there. The Pavilion Built. Life at Brighton under the "First Gentleman of Europe." Scandalous Scenes. Suetonius.

WE left Winchester early in the afternoon, expecting to remain over night at Petersfield, where I had engaged accommodations, but, just before leaving, I was warned that the hotel was poor so I bought the landlord off for a pound, and as the day was fine and the cars going well, we proceeded to Petworth, by way of Midhurst. We had fully determined to stay over night at Petworth, but having arrived there late in the afternoon, and all the party having voted to proceed to Brighton, which is some thirty miles

"THE WAKES" THE HOME OF GILBERT WHITE IN SELBORNE



farther, we did so, reaching the Metropole Hotel late in the evening. I believe they slandered that innkeeper at Petersfield. He was a decent sort and the place looked clean and inviting.

Selborne, the home of Gilbert White, lies but five miles to the north of Petersfield, "as snug and secluded as a chimney corner." Burroughs visited Selborne in the early eighties. "The village," he says, "is small, compact, and humble. The postman handed me my letters upon the street without remark, as if I was the only stranger in the place—which was probably true." Burroughs found the grave of the old parson. It is marked by a plain slab, with "G. W." and the date of his death upon it, and that is all. The old church remains much the same as in White's time, but his house "The Wakes" has been somewhat changed.

There is a subtle charm about White's *Natural History of Selborne*, as sweet and fresh as the subject with which it deals. The style is admirable and one can follow the little parson about in his rambles after fern-owls and swifts, with vigour and enthusiasm. Nor do these excursions pall upon one. They are repeated daily and each successive journey brings to light new beauties, but let the guide be changed, take another and

go out with him and the ramble has lost its interest and the way has become long; one yearns for the sombre little clergyman. This book of White's is a remarkable production. A country parson, living in a remote and poor village, brings to the world a work which stands alone in its class; a book which will be read and known and loved longer than Réaumur or Buffon. It will be read by thousands to whom the names of Pennant and Barrington are unknown. White's great charm lies in his sincerity and directness; his love for his work and his untiring devotion to every minute detail. The style is with hardly a figure of rhetoric that I can remember, and it is not needed or wanted. It would be as much out of place as a ball-dress at a husking-bee.

The history of Selborne may not be a *great* work but it is an enchanting one, a pleasant wandering with a delightful, careful, and observant companion. The interests of the outside world, the books, the travels, the French and American revolutions, the discoveries, were of no importance to him; he lived as much cut off from the world as if marooned.

Selborne was *his* world. The lenses of his eyes were of such short focus that beyond the Hanger and Walmer Forest their keenness van-

ished and all outside that circle lay diffused. But when he turned his eyes upon the objects which came within the limits of his beloved Selborne the rays concentrated and attained the power and definition of a magnifying-glass. He studied nature closely and consistently and understood its subtlest moods. White had the quick sensibility to sound and of touch which, they say, the blind possess. None of his senses, however, was augmented by the loss of any other. When in pursuit of his favourite study his hearing and sight were as acute and true as an Indian's. During those excursions afield, when the little parson pursued with eagerness his studies and observations, it would seem as though he possessed, in a measure, the marvellous powers of the Norse god Heimdall. Nature revealed her mysteries to his attentive faculties and rewarded his constant devotion with her cherished secrets, secrets which others failed to comprehend or lacked the diligence and patience to discover. His interests did not carry him far from his little hamlet nor did his ears hear the sounds that others heard. It was the animals, birds, and insects that he saw and the low, soothing tones of nature that he heard. These awakened in him an intense interest and an undiminished ardour to understand. He was

more concerned when a neighbour brought him a new species of sedge-warbler than when the news came that a revolutionary people had murdered their king. He quickly detected the difference in the tones uttered by a goat-sucker when in flight from those at rest, but he did not hear the cannonading in the New World where a whole nation was struggling for its freedom.

White was a man of infinite patience and perseverance—his eye a microscope—small of range but great in power. Once directed upon an object each and every detail stood revealed, nor was the focus removed until these were clearly noted. As a purely scientific production his book is, of course, superseded by more modern and technical treatises, but the subtle charm, the unconscious simplicity of style remain and will remain to still gladden the hearts of thousands. The persuasive and prevailing sweetness of the man, whose character is as simple and innocent as the birds he so minutely describes, will long be felt after other, probably more learned, works shall have long since disappeared or become dusty from disuse. I remember Lowell says that "there are two books which have a place by themselves and side by side in our literature—Walton's *Compleat Angler* and White's *Natural History of Selborne*."

Dr. Beardmore, Warden of Merton College, happening to meet Gilbert White's nephew, soon after the *Natural History* was published, said: "Your uncle has sent into the world a publication with nothing to call attention to it but an advertisement or two in the newspapers: but depend upon it, the time will come when very few who buy books will be without it."

It is strange how this book can be read and reread, with ever recurring and increasing pleasure and profit. It would seem as though one would tire of hearing how certain birds moved their tails horizontally; how the cuckoo imposes on other birds; how the swallows have an attachment for water, and one certainly would tire, if any one else told the story.

There are some persons who do not enjoy Gilbert White's book. Those persons I pity. Not to love what White wrote is not to love nature, for every word exhales its pure freshness.

As we neared the coast the great chalk cliffs became more noticeable and, where the action of the sea has scarped their faces, they show snow-white, which gives to England the name of "Albion." These chalky formations prove that countless ages ago what is now fair England lay at the bottom of the sea, for this chalk is the

remains of untold millions of *Globigerinæ* whose skeletons, sinking gradually, had found their way after innumerable centuries to what was then the ocean's bottom. Were other evidence necessary, the presence of fossil salt water animals, found embedded in the chalk, would seem to remove all doubt on the subject.

As we drew away from Petworth and turned toward the coast, that wonderful yellow light which frequently, in England, just precedes a summer sunset, fell upon the landscape, colouring the surrounding country as with a magician's wand. It tinged the trees with gold and the shadows of the foliage took on a violet hue, rendering the contour superb. A soft haze followed and we were impressed, for over a half-hour, with a radiant sight. It was the belief of certain tribes that the spirits of the departed were carried to heaven in the mists which occur about that hour. With them the setting sun was symbolical of death, and the haze was the shroud which enveloped and carried the soul to its final rest. It is a pleasing idea, and witnessing this entrancing phase of nature, it is easily understood how the beautiful thought first had its inception with a primitive people, who invariably sought to connect physical phenomena with human destinies.

What is there to say about Brighton? Not much in a kind way to be sure. Let me begin with the more pleasing things. The esplanade has a certain dignity and attractiveness and during the winter season, when the fashionable set are there, must present a gay and brilliant scene. The dwellings in Adelaide Crescent and Brunswick Square are rather fine, as are also some in Kemp Town. The "Old Ship" (formerly "Ship Tavern") where Fanny Burney had such a "very grand dinner" still stands. The "Metropole" is extremely comfortable, with an extraordinarily good cuisine. A really excellent band of music plays in a sort of winter garden, immediately connected with the hotel. This is also a sort of aviary where are collected an assortment of the sweetest of song-birds, which give a particularly home-like and cheerful character to the hotel.

And now the other side. Brighton is singularly devoid of trees, which in England, with its superb foliage effects, is a defect especially conspicuous. This barrenness of shade gave rise to the ironical description of the place as made up of "wind, glare, and fashion."

Before that genial and fashionable Doctor Russell of Lewes (who is the "Dr. Brighton" in Thackeray's *Newcomes*) set the ball of fashion

rolling toward the then small fishing village of Brighthelmston, as it was then called, but little was known of the resort that was destined to become within one generation the "London-by-the Sea." This metamorphosis started about 1750. The roads to, from, and about Brighton at that period must have been in an inexecrable condition, for just about that time we hear Horace Walpole cursing the curiosity which tempted him to tour in such a country. He complains of the roads, inns, and in fact about everything in the vicinity. The thirty-odd years intervening between 1750 and 1784 saw a gradual increase in the popularity of Brighton. Fanny Burney came to Brighton in the spring of 1779 and in describing her journey thither says: "The road from Streatham is beautiful. I travelled in a coach with four horses, and two of the servants in a chaise, besides two men on horseback; so we were obliged to stop for some time at three places on the road."

Brighton was in the zenith of her career in the fifteen years ending the eighteenth century, when the Prince of Wales gave a great, final impetus to the fashionable resort. Sea-bathing having been recommended for an affection of the glands of the throat, from which he had always suffered, the Prince paid his second visit to Brighton in 1784.

THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON

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Being very much pleased with the climate and the surroundings generally, he purchased some property and soon afterwards proceeded to make plans for the construction of a pavilion. The work of building progressed during the years 1784–1785 and was finally finished in 1786 or 1787. The Royal Palace, as it was called, did not have the same appearance then as it has now, but it certainly could not have been worse, for it is the most incongruous, bizarre, and grotesque creation that ever offended good taste. O ye shades of Wren, Hawkmoor, and Jones, if for any misdemeanour you are condemned to gaze upon this architectural riot, this conglomeration of mosque and demi-mosque, this Chinese-Turkish-Moorish potpourri, you are fully punished.

The season at Brighton became more gay under the sway of "the First Gentleman of Europe" and Mrs. Fitzherbert (probably the only woman whom that fickle prince ever really loved), and the resort became a city of frivolities and pleasure. This kind of life naturally attracted the wildest, the most reckless and disreputable men of the times. The Barrys—Richard, Henry, and Augustus—were there, making a trio hard to equal for debauchery, dissipation, and viciousness. Sir John Lade, the great whip, and his notorious

wife, Letitia, who could swear like a pirate and drive like Jehu, were frequent visitors there. "Old Q." came often and tainted the sweet sea air with his presence. It was a mixed gathering, to be sure, that flocked about this debauched and vapid prince, from fencing masters and "bruisers" to the drunken owner of Arundel Castle.

In those days many things were done by men of standing and of honour, that men of honour and standing would not do now. Nevertheless some of the actions which the history of those years reveals stray far, greatly too far, over the border of decency. A state of society where exists an unnatural taste for debauchery, a lasciviousness that lurches with sickening motion from one excess to another, and a degenerate state of mind enacting scenes as disgusting as they are audacious, is not to be condoned in any age, not to be tolerated by any civilised people. In reading the accounts of some of the orgies related by Suetonius, and comparing them with certain "festivities" at the Pavilion and especially at Carlton House, which has been called "a very Pandora's box of vice and profligacy," it is difficult to realise that eighteen centuries intervened between Caligula and George IV.

CHAPTER XX

Brighton to Eastbourne and London

Maintenance of the English Highways. The Intrinsic Loveliness of their Windings and Appurtenances. The Pleasurable Sensation of Motoring. Its Advantages over all Other Modes of Travel. A Grand Chili Pine—Its Appearance Unique, but Stiff and not Decorative. We Lose our Way. A Mishap to the Car and Subsequent Delay. Entertained Royally at Eastbourne. Maud Goes out of Mourning for the Twenty-eight Shillings. Pevensey. Hurstmonceux. Horne Tooke. *Diversions of Purley*. East Grinstead. The Dorset Arms. Concluding Remarks.

THE English roads are perfection. It is worthy of notice that, in the rural districts, far removed from general travel, the road surfaces were found as well kept as nearer the large cities. We ran through many miles of road bordered on either side by beautiful hedges of various kinds. Peeping above were clustered the laburnums, lilacs, and hawthorns, all in blossom and making a perfect rainbow of colour. While in these stretches of hedge-bordered roads, the motorist can see but little except the immediate surroundings,

as the hedges in many places are allowed to grow to a height of eight or ten feet. Frequently these portions of the road that I have mentioned are planted on both sides with old trees which, interweaving overhead, form a delightful pleachery. Emerging from the more secluded parts into the open, where the eye may range at will to distant views, renders the transition more pleasing and adds a variety to the journey.

We rode to-day in one of the most genial of valleys, bordered by soft undulating downs, where the fine English sheep graze lazily in picturesque groups.

Gilbert White, writing in 1773, speaks enthusiastically of these downs:

> Though I have now travelled the Sussex-downs upwards of thirty years, yet I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year; and think I see new beauties every time I traverse it. This range, which runs from Chichester eastward, as far as Eastbourne, is about sixty miles in length, and is called "The South Downs," properly speaking, only round Lewes.

White goes on to speculate how these downs of "calcareous matter" were raised in such great masses and does not seem to have a suspicion of the origin of their structure or that their formation is probably due to denudation.

The sun was shining in a comforting way, the cars running with the soothing hum of many bees and that perfect rhythm which so delights the motorist's ear, bespeaking a well-working mechanism. The soft, moist air plays about our faces. It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful mode of travel,—a mode of travel, which brings one into the very heart of a country, which the ordinary tourist seldom, if ever, reaches; a mode of travel where one is not confined to the arbitrary meanderings of the iron rails, but may wander wheresoever his inclination leads, may tarry where his individual taste directs, or may pass by those spots which interest him not; no time-tables to consult, no checking of trunks, no rushing to find places in the cars, and all those other annoyances which the railroad traveller knows so well. In motoring there is no restraint; it is perfect freedom.

I noticed in this day's journey a superb specimen of *araucaria* or Chili pine (commonly known as the monkey puzzle tree), which stood alone on a stretch of lawn surrounding an important residence. The size of this tree and its unusual form attracted our attention. It looked lonesome in its position, standing solitary. The indigenous trees clustered on the borders of the lawn appeared as though

they had withdrawn from this strange usurper of their soil. It impressed us as being singularly bare and stiff, not at all ornamental or decorative, and, but for its uniqueness, not pleasing. It appeared entirely out of place with its distinctive exotic character amongst these English surroundings. The effect was, in fact, gloomy, as it stood like some huge Briareus waving aloft its hundred mighty arms as if in supplication to be transported to its native land and companions.

This was the first time that I had not studied my route since the journey from London to Maidenhead and the result was that we lost our way. The chauffeur had been over the road twice within a few days and he said he knew the route perfectly. Just after passing through Lewes and down the hill he turned to the left instead of the right and, while we were lost, the English car passed us and went on the right road. We finally found the way but had proceeded but a mile or two when a puncture occurred. This in itself was not of much consequence but when we found that the chauffeur had neglected to have the pump repaired and we could not inflate the tube, it was more serious. As I stood near the car I saw Lucy with a peculiar smile on her face and I heard her murmur something about "love-sick"

and knew that an additional load had just been put on the chubby little back of Cupid. After wasting an hour and a half, we decided to go into Eastbourne on the iron rim. We limped into the Grand Hotel grounds two hours behind the others. We found them much excited and about to send out relief parties to search for us.

Our friends, the Doctor and his wife, dined and wined us royally and it looked as if the Doctor was looking for more patients, for he certainly treated us as they do the geese in Strasburg. However, we were willing victims and followed his orders to the letter. It was the only time I ever saw Maud balk at gooseberries and even then it was not for want of desire but owing to the generosity of the repast that had preceded. It is only fair to say (after my abuse of Maud's expensive taste in the food line at London) that her appetite dwindled from the night of the strawberries at Claridge's. She sort of went into mourning for the twenty-eight shillings, and did not seem to take much interest in meals during the trip but sat in a sort of lethargy until the gooseberries appeared—and they always appear at an English meal. On the entire motor trip, except at Eastbourne, Maud developed into a sort of frugivorous animal.

The weather remained clear but cold for Americans. Excursions were made to Pevensey and Hurstmonceux; both are interesting, especially the latter, which is beautiful as well.

The name of Hare, author of *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, is associated with Hurstmonceux. The journey, as far as the former place, is not especially pleasant, the road lying through a somewhat flat part of the country. To give a little variety, I drove my car, and as we approached Pevensey, a very sharp turn occurred. Going around this curve I met a flock of sheep. Sheep seem to collect just around corners of the roads in England, and are exceedingly stupid animals. This particular flock, on seeing the motor, proceeded to charge it head on in their excitement. In order not to kill any I had to turn the car too short and went into a stone wall, but no great damage was done. Pevensey is a solid, gloomy looking place and, aside from its historical interest, holds little charm for the sightseer.

Continuing from Pevensey, the country becomes much more attractive. A few miles brings the traveller to the little Hurstmonceux church, which contains some handsome windows and an exquisite tomb of the Dacres. Just a little farther on one gets the first glimpse of the castle.

PEVENSEY CASTLE NEAR EASTBOURNE

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EXTERIOR OF HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE

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Probably the most imposing and charming view of Hurstmonceux is from the approach to it on the hill. It is then seen embowered in great shade trees; the luxuriant growth of ivy, which everywhere mounts to the very top of its towers, lends to it an indescribable softness and the warm glow of the brick walls gives a pleasing touch of colour. The exterior is quite intact and in such a state of preservation that from a distance one could easily imagine that this grand baronial structure is still inhabited. On a nearer view this idea is banished, for alas! Hurstmonceux is a vast and desolate ruin. The interior is absolutely without form or plan. A few dilapidated walls richly garlanded with ivy, a mound or two of turf, a partition here and there, much ruined and crumbling, and that is all.

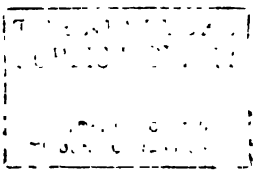
We wandered about for a while but it is a sad place and we did not care to linger there. The feeling experienced in this grand ruin is one of sorrow and depression, here amidst the vanished splendour of a bygone age and where, all about, are visible the ravages of time and neglect.

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

We all went into a kind of bar to have a drink of soda "squash" and there, at the base of an old ruined chimney, with a little screech, Lucy spied an enormous owl blinking and revolving its head. She said she thought it was a curious thing to keep in a place like that, but Chan. remarked it was just the place for it, it served as a warning as to what things one might see, if they remained there long and strayed from "squash." This is a fearful name they have for lemonade in England; it always puts me in mind of a vegetable which I heartily dislike.

We passed three thoroughly delightful days at Eastbourne, with our friends, who did everything in their power to make our visit enjoyable. The city itself is extremely handsome. It is laid out on a generous scale with wide streets which are decorated with grand shade trees. The recollection of this sojourn is of the pleasantest nature. Early in the morning about the middle of June, we started, with much regret, on the last stage of our journey. On leaving Eastbourne we had a blown-out shoe. It exploded with a peculiar noise and Carrie thought we had run over a poor cat. The chauffeur remarked that it was no such good luck, it was a blown-out shoe. We made East Grinstead at lunch-time and went to

THE INTERIOR OF THE RUINS OF HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE
SHOWING THE OLD WALLS AND IVY



the famous "Dorset Arms." In the old coaching days this was a popular tavern and many a famous man is associated with the inn, which was formerly known by another name.

We passed through Croydon. Not far from there is Purley, where Horne Tooke wrote his *Diversions*. The book may have been a diversion to him, but it is about the driest work I know of. If any one is interested in ascertaining how our English words look when written in Anglo-Saxon or Gothic characters, why then he will revel in the *Diversions of Purley*. They ought to have put him on trial for writing that book, rather than for treason.

Now that the trip is over what can I say about motoring? At various places in this record, I have touched on the subject of the advantages of this kind of travel. I cannot speak too enthusiastically about it. Most of our party have spent months in England at different times and travelled the well-known routes over and over again, but all agreed that they had now for the first time had a glimpse of real English life and customs.

In one of the early chapters I mentioned my friend's figuring out that the motoring trip was costing a great deal. My friend chose the exact

time to figure up expenses when it would bring out his point. He has a lawyer's genius for that sort of thing. While I do not wish to maintain that motoring is an economical mode of travelling, yet I do not want those figures of George's to remain as a standard. Excellent cars can now be hired to carry five or seven persons (five is much better for obvious reasons) for about twenty-five to thirty dollars per day. This includes the chauffeur's wages, gasoline, and tires, and also the repairs of the car, if any are needed. It does not, however, include the chauffeur's board. If one will figure out that a modern car of average power will daily, if necessary, cover one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty miles over those fine English roads, it will be seen that the party is being transported at a not unreasonable cost per mile. Then again, do not forget the number of times that horses and carriages are necessary for the tourist to make those numerous little excursions, which in England, especially, are so essential to the full enjoyment of a trip and lend such a charm and interest to the traveller. These journeys by carriage are expensive and extremely limited in point of distance when compared with those by motor. The difference is that the expense is incurred in smaller amounts

and is not so much felt, but the balance at the end of the month tells the story truly. Think, too, what a scope one has with a motor. Three or four little side-trips, each of them averaging from fifteen to twenty miles, may be made in a day from headquarters. This of course cannot be done by a carriage in a day, leaving out the cost entirely. It would take four days to make the same trips by this means of locomotion and the expense would be double. Now, when one has a few weeks' vacation, loss of time means loss of opportunity and money.

I took my own car over and while I did not regret it, because I could not then rent so good a one, I would now advise the prospective motorist to hire one. If one is fond of driving a motor this, of course, is a disadvantage because it would be very unwise to drive a hired car. If you drive it fifteen minutes on Monday and something goes out of order Saturday, the injury would have its origin in those fifteen minutes when you handled the wheel. This luxury of driving can easily be foregone and the privation is greatly overbalanced by other advantages. If the hired car is laid up the cost ceases and the expense of putting it in order lies with the owner. If shoes blow out or inner tubes puncture you can smile

and think how many you have paid for yourself. Besides all this, the hired chauffeur can be in league with as many persons as he chooses and get as much profit as he can out of shoes, tubes, extra parts, etc., and you need not care. Again the hired driver knows the ropes, the police traps and other details which your own man is ignorant of, and this is no small advantage by any means.

Before setting forth upon a motor trip, it is wise to give some time and thought to the itinerary and its object. The length of time to be devoted to the journey, the distance to be travelled, and the localities which most appeal to the various members of the party, should be seriously considered. The ideal manner of motoring, of course, is to be bound by no definite route, to wander where the interest leads, to remain at those places and scenes which most delight, and to let time enter not into the essence of the contract. Unfortunately it is granted to but few to so indulge their inclinations. The itinerary, therefore, demands that certain chosen spots be selected in advance for the tourist's stops. The motorist would gladly tarry at all the interesting places which spring into view along his path. It is, in truth, an embarrassment of riches. The old abbey will naturally claim a short pause, a glimpse

at the great cathedrals will be taken, and a loving look given those ivy-grown and moss-covered castles and mansions, whose age and historic associations have woven about them a web of enchantment and charm.

To the enquiring mind these ancient structures may be read like those curious writings on the background of which the older characters are not fully effaced before newer ones are scrawled upon them, and so on until the whole represents, to the novice, a confusion of meaningless signs, but to the learned they show a complete record. Various successive periods have put their stamp upon these venerable buildings, which, becoming more or less obliterated, are, in turn, partially covered by the indelible imprint of newer customs, beliefs, and fashions. They all show in outline nevertheless, from the oldest to the last, and may easily be deciphered. These old walls, cloisters, and turrets, therefore, form a tangible, individual history, dating from medieval to modern times. Does not the ancient abbey, standing deserted and ruinous yet majestic and dignified in its dilapidation, clearly tell the story of the papal supremacy, autocracy, and wealth and at the same time bear the unmistakable mark of Henry's destructive and rapacious hand?

The proposed journey will be, as I said, greatly dependent upon the individual fancy. Another traveller going over the same route would probably pass, without remark, many places that proved of such unsurpassed interest to me and wonder how I could have viewed without notice other scenes which demand his attention and charm his eye. This must ever be the case in travelling. Persons of equal refinement and education vary greatly in taste and their interests often lie in quite a different plane. A secluded and quaint village appeals strongly to one visitor, while another remembers with pleasure the mountain tarn, unnoticed by his companions. Nature has so richly endowed the English landscape and strewn her bounty with such lavish hand, and man has, for centuries, so deftly and beautifully embellished its native charm, that all tastes may be gratified. Nature has bestowed the great jewel, and her servitors from time immemorial have placed it in an exquisite setting of such artistic and entrancing design as to enhance its lustre. These together make England one of the loveliest garden spots of the world.

Motor tours may now be arranged in this country for Great Britain or the Continent.

These journeys cover various periods of time from a few days to many weeks, at a specified price per person. I know of one firm who will contract to have almost any kind of car, of varied horse-power, meet the tourist at any port in England or Europe. If desired, the car is accompanied by a *courrier* who is skilled in his work and will arrange all the details of the particular route to be taken. He is thoroughly acquainted with the interesting places along the journey and knows how long it takes to reach them and how much time may be devoted to them and keep the schedule. The contract price includes everything—even tips. The motorist is absolutely without worry about luggage, hotel accommodations, best roads to follow, and many other troubles, which would otherwise beset him.

We have driven many hundreds of miles and without an injury to any one. Not even an English chicken has suffered from our jaunt. The pleasure of this trip is far beyond my limited powers of description. The motors have carried us through the most varied of scenes. They have taken us into the gentlest of valleys where our road lingers near the meanderings of a clear bright river; its sweet murmur is still in our ears. They have descended with us into the gloom-

iest of ravines where all is still save the rustling of the leaves—a death-like silence pervading everywhere; in such a place the asphodel might fittingly be found. Now they mount to the very crest of some lofty hill to reveal to our astonished eyes a great garden spread at our feet: a Persian carpet in colour and design. Turning an angle, suddenly brings to view a grand old minster lying far below, its stately outlines mirrored in the adjacent pool. Near it are clustered the houses of the village as if looking to it for guidance and protection.

Our machines have taken us to the bases of those gigantic promontories that rear their monstrous forms out of the sea, their rugged fronts showing dark and formidable in one great jagged wall of rock and holding us spellbound as we look upon their grandeur. It is there, amongst these Titanic upheavals, that man feels his utter insignificance and realises that he is but an atom. There one is conscious of the presence of the Omnipotent Ruler. His works overwhelm us with wonder and admiration. We stand silent and in awe, at the sight of the great cosmic process, for in such sublimity are His thoughts revealed. When we gaze upon the work of erosion on these stupendous, stratified rocks and consider that we may easily span with our arms

the laminations which mark a period of time from the Pyramids to the present day, we can but feel that human life is ephemeral and evanescent and that man's boasted monuments are as but the house of cards, with which the little child wiles away a careless hour. We have been borne to the great and desolate Exmoor where the pure, salt breeze carried to us the sweet odour of the sea and from far below the sound of the gentle plash of the surf fell soothingly upon our ears.

From that lofty plain the view stretched many miles over the waters of the Channel, which glistened in the summer light. Far away on the northern horizon the Welsh coast lay like a blue ribbon; the great ships in the offing looked like gulls sleeping upon the water. Great banks of cumulus clouds rose like immense snow mountains, yet beyond the distant land. One could almost imagine that the power of vision had been so increased that our sight penetrated those vast undiscovered regions of the north where snow perpetually reigns and which are hidden by an insuperable barrier of ice. From our point of vantage we could trace the rugged contour of the Devon coast, until its outline merged into the mists of the ocean, and see the little cottages which lay scattered near the beach, showing bright and

scintillating in the sun, like gems cast ashore by the sea.

At times the motors rush us through some great city, where the surprised passers-by turn and gaze at us in wonder, and then on and on into the beautiful, winding, wooded roads and the delightful pleacheries where the air is soft and cool and the birds are singing in ecstasy, at the return of the vernal season. The bees are busy now and their cheerful drone is heard on every side. We emerge again into the sunlight and the odour of myriads of wild flowers is wafted to us. Again we pass some princely estate, its gate-posts with their proud heraldic emblems and the mouldering grey stones of its lodges bearing witness of its aristocratic ancestry and ancient lineage. We catch a passing glimpse of the great castle and the beautiful grounds:

> And there were gardens bright, with sinuous rills,
> Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree.

Each day's journey brings to view new and unexpected beauty and surprises.

Let not the motorist travel too fast or too far in one day. The charm of the country cannot be appreciated when rushing through it at racing speed. The English roads are very winding and

sharp turns are frequently met. These numerous turnings form one of their chief attractions but they are a source of danger if travelling fast. Sheep and cows are often huddled together just beyond a curve. It seems to me we always encountered them at those points. Do not become too ambitious to make record runs or your journey may have a Phaeton-like ending.

We came to London in the evening and thus our journey ended.

A simple record of the experiences and impressions of a party of friends during a motor trip is all that this book assumes to be. A visit to those places which teem with historical and literary interest; a pause at many a countryside whose beauty has left an indelible imprint upon the mind—these are plainly related. The chord from a great church organ leaves but a single impression of charm, but the various tones which compose it are not divisible by the listener; it comes to him as one grand union of melody. Each single note, however insignificant, is, nevertheless, vitally necessary to complete the final symphony. But to preserve all the delicate tracings of sound a disk of Chladni is required. So it is in the

memory of the experiences of a journey. The striking scenes and events are remembered but it is also necessary to record, lest they slip from the mind, the seemingly trivial incidents of the trip which link together the larger ones, and by so doing the full chord of pleasing recollections may be rounded out. The pen, therefore, takes the place of Chladni's disk and produces all the gradations in visible form.

The writing of this book has been a labor of love. It has brought to mind vividly the places and incidents of the journey and I have lived over again, the pleasures and experiences of those happy weeks. In wines of rare vintage the after taste is as refreshing as the liquor is delicious, and in recording this motor trip I have found that time has not only mellowed but added much to the memory of the outing, and there remains with me a lingering flavor as delightful as the actual experiences were enjoyable. And now, gentle and indulgent reader, it is my earnest wish that the future may hold in store for you pleasures and experiences similar to those recorded in *Motor Days in England.*

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

The author ventures to make the following practical suggestions.

Although this motor trip was made but recently yet such is the remarkable and rapid development of the automobile industry that even in a comparatively short space of time the motor-car of that period seems as primitive and out of date as the steam locomotive of 1850. Many of the little delays then experienced would not now occur. These were mainly due to the rudimentary stage in the development of the engine. The magneto has practically done away with battery trouble. The water radiation and cooling devices are much improved. One does not hear much nowadays about delays caused by spark-plugs, which were the origin of many of our annoyances, and tube punctures and blown-out shoes are becoming less frequent.

Having had considerable experience with tires, it may be of some benefit to state my views on

the subject. I have observed that a large percentage of blow-outs and tube punctures arises from the disproportion of weight to the diameter of the tire. A car without occupants weighing three thousand pounds should be equipped with at least four-and-a-half-inch tires on the rear wheels, and a car weighing four thousand pounds should have five-inch tires. These tires of large diameter are strongly constructed and will bear heavy inflation, thereby reducing the compression on the inner tubes when going over sudden inequalities in the road. It is a good idea to have two sets of rear tires and to remove one set and replace it with the other every eight hundred or thousand miles. The heat caused by the friction in a rapidly revolving wheel has a decided deteriorating effect on the rubber and a week's rest will generally do much toward restoring it to its original condition. I know a number of motorists who have tried this experiment and the life of a tire has been prolonged from twenty to forty per cent.

I also have great confidence in wheels of large diameter, as large as the size of the car will permit. By a simple process of figuring it will be seen that a thirty-four-inch wheel revolves more than thirty times oftener in a mile than a thirty-six-inch one. This means that in a day's run of one

hundred miles a given point on the thirty-four-inch wheel comes in contact with the road three thousand times more than such a point on the thirty-six-inch tire, and in a trip of two thousand miles the larger tire would have the enormous advantage of having revolved some sixty thousand times less than the smaller. This alone is conclusive proof of the saving of tire friction by wheels of larger dimensions. Moreover, in a chassis having a long wheel base, the larger wheels enhance the smooth and easy running of the car and the large diameter tires have a resiliency not found in those of smaller size.

May I be pardoned for citing a concrete case of my own: I had a fifty horse power C. G. V. weighing somewhat over forty-five hundred pounds and it was furnished with four-and-one-half-inch tires on the rear wheels. At the time the speedometer showed seven thousand miles there had occurred eight blow-outs and thirteen punctures of inner tubes. I then changed and put on a thirty-six-inch wheel instead of a thirty-four, and five-inch tires. Since the change I have run over three thousand miles with but two punctures of inner tubes and one new shoe.

The introduction of the Stepney wheel and the Dow inner tube have, in a great measure,

eliminated the danger of tire trouble, or at least reduced the chance of delay and inconvenience to a minimum.

At the time we made our journey, long motoring tours were not so generally indulged in as at present. At least I judge not, from the fact that we did not meet a single car either on the road or at the towns from the time we left Bath until we arrived at Brighton, a period of seven or eight days and a distance, by the route we followed, of two hundred and fifty miles. I recently stated this fact to a gentleman who had just returned from a trip somewhat like the one here recorded and he expressed profound astonishment. He said that if that same road were travelled now the motor-cars met would be too numerous to count. I mention this to show how popular the sport has become in a very short time.

Let me urge the motorist intending to take a prolonged tour to provide himself with the following articles and parts:

Some extra spark-plugs.

An extra pair of driving chains and a few extra links.

Two extra exhaust valves.

Two extra exhaust springs.

Two extra inlet valves.
Two extra inlet springs.
Non-skid shoes for the rear wheels.
One extra fan belt.
Four extra pump blades.
One extra tire pump.
An assortment of bolts and nuts.
A tire repair kit.
A tube of powdered fire extinguisher.
A volt meter.
A short piece of small but tough rope (to repair jack-shaft).

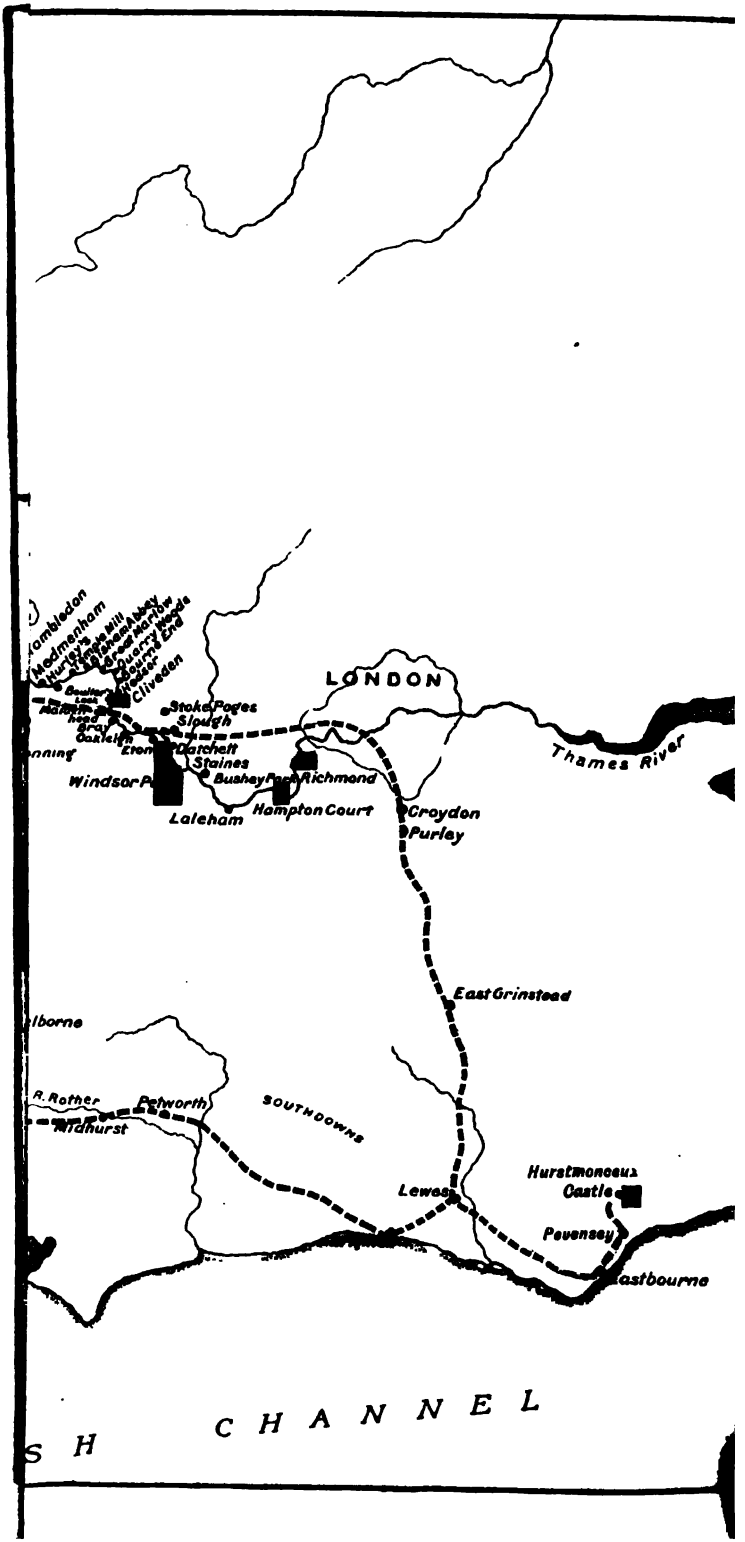
A number of inner tubes and as many extra shoes as he can conveniently carry.

The Dow inner tubes will prove a revelation to many and a Stepney emergency wheel taken along may be a blessing. It is not necessary to enumerate the other articles always needed such as a complete set of tools, jack, tire pump, etc.

A good mackintosh, not too heavy in weight, will be found of great service on a tour. It has a dual function to perform: to keep out the rain and prevent the dust from permeating the tourist's clothing. A pair of goggles is necessary and the glasses of these should be large, clear, and of sufficient thickness to withstand the force of an unexpected missile, which the rapidly revolv-

ing wheels occasionally throw. One's clothing should, of course, be suitable for the season, but it should always be borne in mind that the air produced by the moving car renders warm clothing indispensable. A loose fitting ulster of medium weight should be taken and this ought to be provided with wind-shields in the sleeves, in order to keep out the cold in severe weather and exclude the dust at all times. Leggins are advisable unless the weather is too warm. They prevent the dust from sifting in above the shoes and are also a great protection against cold in the winter. It is hardly necessary to add that a close-fitting cap, not easily dislodged by the wind, is absolutely essential to the motorist's comfort.

After enumerating all these things it is going to sound strange for me to advise the motorist not to take much luggage, but the articles of clothing mentioned are mostly on the person and have no great weight so it is not so inconsistent as it first appears. A number of trunks and bags is not desirable and will prove the tourist's *bête noire*. In the first place luggage takes up room and besides it adds materially to the weight which will tell on the motor and put an extra burden on the tires.


LONDON
Thames River
Stoke Poges
Slough
Datchett
Staines
Windsor
Bushey Park
Richmond
Laleham
Hampton Court
Croydon
Purley
East Grinstead
Petworth
SOUTH DOWNS
Lewes
Hurstmonceux Castle
Pevensey
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Having decided upon a hotel, it is without doubt advisable to telegraph in advance for rooms, and if the weather is at all chilly or damp, it is well to ask that the rooms be warmed. Sometimes you may get the rooms fairly comfortable if any means exist for heating them. The heating apparatus, in the ordinary English inn or hotel, is usually a thing to laugh at, if you are not too cold and too much out of humour.

TABLE OF DISTANCES AND ROUTES

Taken from *The Contour Road Book of England*, by Harry R. G. Inglis. Referred to in the Preface of this volume.

	MILES	ROUTE NOS.
London to Hampton Court via Richmond and Bushey Park....	15	517,523
London to Richmond via Putney and to Hampton Court.....	16	530,523
London to Maidenhead.....	29	517
Maidenhead to Windsor.....	6½	555
Maidenhead to Great Marlow....	7	546
Maidenhead to Henley-on-Thames.....	9	547
Maidenhead to Henley-on-Thames, longer but finer route.	15	546,560
Henley to Reading.....	9	560
Henley to Oxford.....	38	560,559,490
Oxford to Woodstock and Blenheim.....	8½	495
Oxford to Leamington	45	497,941,363
Oxford to Banbury.....	22	497
Banbury to Stratford-on-Avon...	22	925
Stratford to Warwick and Leamington	11	931
Leamington to Kenilworth and Stoneleigh Abbey.....	4½	942
Kenilworth to Stratford-on-Avon.....	13	931
Leamington to Oxford.....	45	363,941,497
Oxford to Bath.....	62	493,843,842,832,850
Bath to Taunton via Wells.....	49	816

Taunton to Dunster.....	23	793
Dunster to Lynton and Lynmouth.....	20	793,791
Dunster to Cleeve Abbey.....	6	793
Dunster to Holford and Nether Stowey	18	793,805
Dunster to Sherborne via Yeovil.	55	793,801,718
Shaftesbury to Hindon and Fonthill Abbey.....	8	700
Sherborne to Winchester.....	65	718,689,683,655
Winchester to Brighton via Petersfield.....	64	654,634
Petersfield to Selborne.....	8	568
Brighton to Eastbourne via. Lewes.....	25	631,621
Eastbourne to Pevensey and Hurstmonceuax.....	14	619
Eastbourne to London via Lewes.	68	621,616,506,507
or		
Eastbourne to London.....	64	506,507

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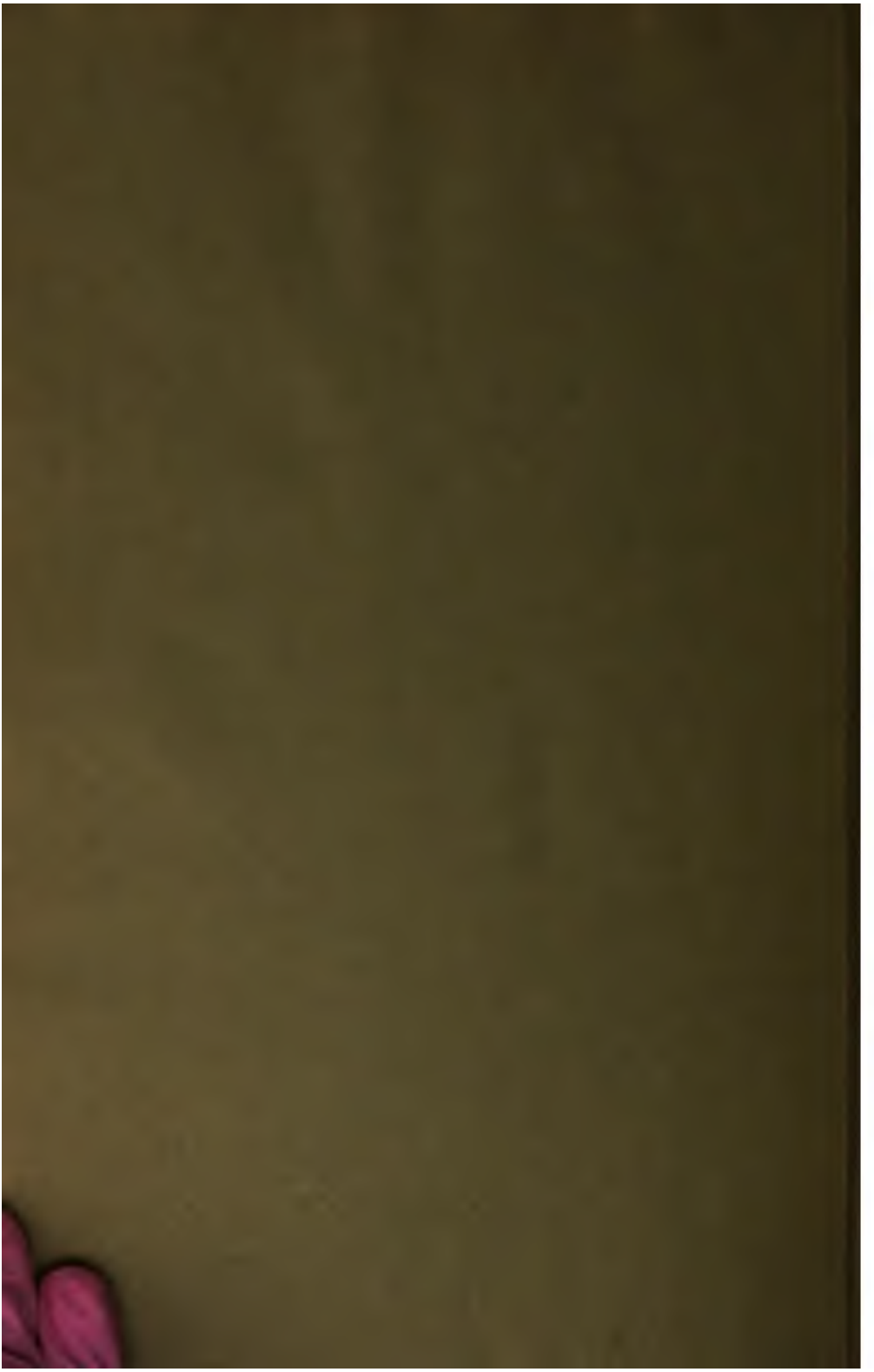
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